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SATURDAY NIGHT

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NOVEMBER 21, 1942

H.M.C.S
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—*Photo by Karsh, Ottawa.*

Navy Week In honor of those Canadians who by devotion to duty have done so much to keep open the sea lanes to Britain. **November 22-28**

The almost miraculous rescue of the American flying ace, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, as reported early this week, has focussed popular attention on the rubber life raft as a most important part of the airman's equipment. Such rubber rafts or dinghies were adopted by the RAF in the early part of the war and have since been the means of saving the lives of many British fliers. Pictures here show a bomber crew being taught how to use the dinghy. Dropping the packed dinghy overboard . . .

. . . and inflating it by means of a quick release valve, the men leave the aircraft by fuselage door, while pilot climbs along roof of plane.

Here the sergeant-instructor explains use of paddles, signalling flag and contents of emergency kit. Raft will support as many as five men.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Sectionalism of Canada

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A CURIOUS sidelight on the problem discussed in Horace Brown's "Is Canada Really a Nation?" is that the sectional attitude still persists in the Canadian Army Overseas. My particular job in the army attaches me from time to time to different units of all branches, gunners, infantry, "reccy" people and so on. In two units that I have worked with the feeling of local pride is so marked that there is a definite "clique," and if one happens to have been born outside of the particular "neck of the woods" to which the unit chiefly belongs one receives nothing but a distant politeness exceeding even the traditional reserve of the English—which incidentally is not nearly so great as it used to be.

Note also that Canadians generally know far more of the portion of the United States adjacent to their own spot than they do of their Canadian neighbors east and west. They are not well versed nor well travelled in their own country. Hence the small amount of "cross country" sympathy.

It has been said that suffering is good for the soul. Once the Canadian Army has seen action as an army and bled and died together it will be a very different thing from what it is at present—a number of self-conscious units. And so it is with the nation as a whole; the one thing we lack in our history is suffering together as a nation. If we were overrun at home by hordes of Jerries or Nips and had to fight our way from one smouldering town to another we should soon forget our sectionalism and ask only one thing: "Are you a Canadian or an enemy?"

But what I should hope to see arise eventually in Canada is not just Canadians, but Americans in the broadest sense of the word, and eventually citizens of the world— *Terrestrians* in all truth! What a happy world this could be if we put half the energy into helping our neighbors that we are now expending in making war on them! Here's hoping.

FOURTH GENERATION CANADIAN.
England.

Tenth Anniversary

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE end of ten years as Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT is, I think, a very suitable occasion for a letter of congratulation from a consistent reader of your columns. Week after week you have held our interest and given us a sincere and honest point of view on current problems, whether we always agreed with that point of view or not. You have allied with yourself a group of brilliant regular contributors, whose articles cover a wider field than is attempted in any other weekly journal in this country. In the ten years you have made many innovations in format and design, as well as in content, and without exception, so far as I know, they have been successful innovations.

If, therefore, you have a momentary feeling of satisfaction as you review the ten years, may I assure you that we, your readers, share that feeling. We congratulate you on your record; it has been an achievement of which we have shared the results. May you long continue to prosper in your Editorship.

We commend particularly all you have done to build a national journal in this country; the next decade will have great need of it. If Canadian unity is to mean anything more than the old *entente cordiale* it is time we set about establishing a national forum, in which all provinces are heard. May we not hope that SATURDAY NIGHT will enlarge its list of contributors still further, to include able proponents of the views of maritimers, both east and west, and of those on the prairies? It will be a useful exercise for the contributors themselves—writing for a national public—and it will immeasurably increase the effectiveness of your journal.

A final word on the high quality of your own writing. My opinion is that of a friend who commented the other day that he never ceased to marvel at the number of paragraphs in your editorials which were in themselves literary gems. The Editor, after all, does set the standard for his contributors, doesn't he?

Toronto, Ont. W. H. CLARKE.

Music's Secret Weapon

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SO MUCH has been said about our propaganda against the Nazis lacking sufficient force, and so many complaints have been made that the war effort is not enough, that perhaps this suggestion from that most entertaining *Almanac for Music-Lovers*, by Elizabeth A. Moore, might be helpful:

"Though the essayist Addison would never have used the word, there is something 'intriguing' about a suggestion that he printed in his *Spectator* paper of April 24, 1712. He was quoting from the 'ingenious essay upon music' written by Jeremy Collier on the possibility of inventing 'an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use; an instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair and cowardice and consternation. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way.' The usefulness of such a weapon of attack he leaves to the military men to consider'."

An instrument with such qualities should not be too hard to invent. I would suggest the saxophone as a foundation; its effect on the writer is terrific at any time.

When the instrument is complete and has been proved effective, its music (!) could be broadcast to Germany, and, just to make sure that it reached its goal, gramophones in full cry could be let down by parachute from airplanes, so that at least part of their frightening, depressing and blood-curdling sounds could be heard by the natives.

Of Scots ancestry and with a consequent high regard for the bagpipes, I am reluctant to add that perhaps their music might be used in the mélange: but Victory is all that matters now!

Montreal, Que. E. M. D.

Vancouver's Water

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. P. W. LUCE'S British Columbia Letter for October 17, headed "Coast Citizens Caustic Over Chlorination", states that "There is only one man in Vancouver who is at all keen on chlorination", and adds "everybody gives him sour looks these days". Since Mr. Luce names me as the arch-isolationist and "dogmatic scientist" in question, I feel impelled to point out that there is another version of his story; and that, as for myself, I am neither withering away nor even curdling under the alleged barrage of sour looks.

Vancouver, like any other largeish city, has its quota of ignorant citizens, of inept politicians, of muzzled officials, of fence-sitting and scandal-mongering newspapers. Unlike most other cities of its size, it has access to a generous and chemically-satisfactory supply of soft rain water brought to its taps by gravity from a nearby mountain watershed. The legend has for years been fostered that this watershed is inviolable, and that the Water Board (and not Providence, as Mr. Luce contends) has blessed the people of Vancouver "with the gift of the finest water in the world". Unfortunately, the water has for some time failed to conform to the internationally-accepted bacteriological standards for safe drinking water. Since two or three guards clearly provide no adequate assurance against human pollution of a watershed many thousands of acres in extent, and in the absence of effective action by local authorities, the Department of Pensions and National Health, acting under wartime powers conferred upon it, advised the Water Board to render its water supply indubitably safe by chlorination. Apart from this reason for chlorination, which would apply even in peace time, there has been another consideration since Japan entered the war. If an enemy plane can drop an incendiary bomb on an Oregon forest, it can drop another kind of cargo on our watershed. Yet the local newspaper which has most loudly decried public apathy towards A.R.P. work in particular, and Ottawa's lack of leadership in all things, is now headlining denunciations of the Federal Government's order.

There could surely not be devised a more ridiculous parody of "democracy in action" than the public mass meeting held in a down-town theatre on a recent Sunday evening, with the Mayor and some Aldermen on the platform, for the apparent purpose of permitting any bigot, charlatan or ignoramus in town to air his views on the unmatched perfection of our water supply, on the non-existence of bacteria, or on the iniquities of Ottawa's dictatorial methods. Meanwhile the Water Board, whose major problems have hitherto been concerned with large-scale plumbing, and with the acquisition of real estate, is unhappy at the prospect of the real job of sanitary engineering which chlorination may entail; defies the Municipal, Provincial and Dominion Health Departments; and gets its lawyer to pronounce the order *ultra vires*. Already there is talk of the issue going to the Privy Council.

In some matters affecting the health and welfare of our people this province is ahead of other centres in Canada. In other respects, notably in our failure to display a prophylactic spirit in affairs of simple sanitation, we are behind. If the Dominion Government were to back down over this issue, we might soon find ourselves making rapid progress towards another pre-Pasteurian era. Incidentally, there *are* those here who believe that the advice of experts is more important to heed than the outcry of the prejudiced. The Vancouver Medical Association and the Greater Vancouver Health League, for instance, have gone on record as in favor of chlorination of the city's water supply.

Vancouver, B.C. C. E. DOLMAN.

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE war against Germany appears to be being conducted in watertight compartments. Mr. Churchill has made it abundantly plain that the campaign in North-west Africa is the private affair of the United States; and while the language in which he made that declaration was complimentary enough, it now seems fairly clear that by it he intended to dissociate himself from the acts of international policy with which the campaign is accompanied, and particularly from the acceptance of Admiral Darlan as a co-operator against Hitler. That, we may safely assume, is entirely an American action. Great Britain, unable to prevent it, can do no more than dissociate herself from it as definitely as may be.

The problem of dealing with a country whose legitimate government has abdicated under the pressure of a victorious enemy is obviously very difficult and delicate. Most of the expatriated governments now existing in England are not in this category; they have not abdicated, they are still the legitimate governments of their respective countries, and they have merely been compelled by enemy force to leave the territory in which their people reside. The government of France could have placed itself in the same position, but chose instead to abdicate in favor of a new government set up at the dictation of the victorious enemy. General de Gaulle is not and does not claim to be a government.

In these circumstances it is not impossible for any nation which is engaged in fighting Hitler to accept the aid of any Frenchman who seems able to bring with him a substantial element of French fighting strength, and no doubt it is in this light that the American State Department regards Admiral Darlan. The British, who would never be able to get anything out of Admiral Darlan themselves, may be willing to have him used by the Americans for the purpose of ensuring the co-operation, or at least the non-hostility, of the French fleet. But if the using of Admiral Darlan today means the recognition of him as entitled to speak with the voice of France in the peace negotiations and postwar arrangements tomorrow, the situation is going to be extremely difficult; and even the using of him is likely to alienate large elements of French opinion which would be very useful to us in the struggle, and to sow further seeds of distrust in the minds of the Russians. Indeed the Americans themselves might well have been put on their guard by some of the Admiral's remarks a few months ago about the inevitable degradation of France "in a triumphant Anglo-Saxon world," a phrase which obviously links the United States as well as the British Dominions with Great Britain as the potential oppressors of France.

"THEY RANG, THE BELLS OF BRITAIN..."

The church bells of Britain, silenced when invasion threatened, rang again on Sunday to celebrate the success in North Africa and as a call to thanksgiving and renewed prayer... Some 1,200 British churches, wrecked or damaged by bombs, were unable to participate in the service.

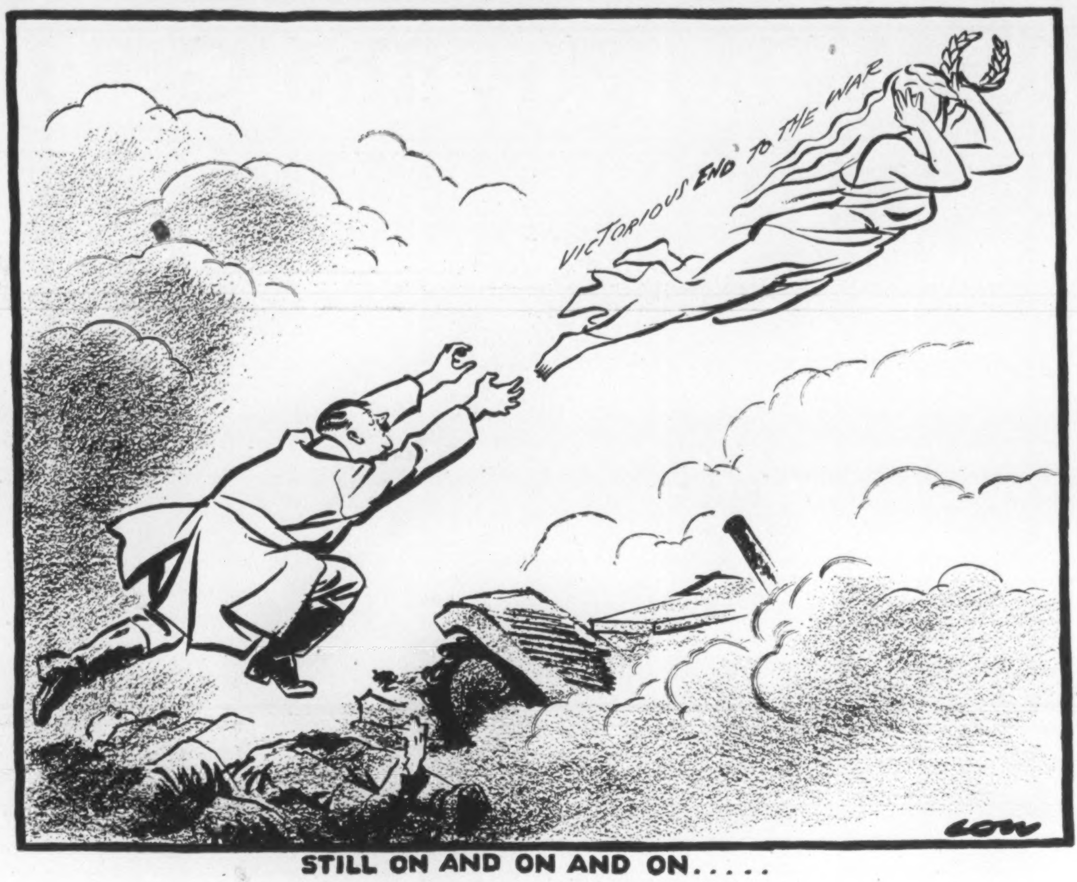
THEY rang, the bells of Britain,
With joyful tongues again,
From Land's End clear to John o'Groats
A glorious flood of golden notes
Poured from their humming brazen throats
To lift the hearts of men.

They carolled, "Come, ye people,
In thankfulness to pray
For strength to end each task begun,
For humble hearts, whate'er be won,
For fortitude till war be done
And peace return to stay!"

They rang, the bells of Britain,
They clamored sweet and strong,
And those that deep in rubbled stone
Lie cracked and broken, sent their own
Faint echo through men's blood and bone
To swell the happy song.

Be patient, bells of Britain,
Though silenced, you are free;
Your metal serves no ruthless foe
For guns to lay your country low;
One day mankind again will know
Your peal of victory!

HELEN SANGSTER.


VICTORIOUS END TO THE WAR
LOW

STILL ON AND ON AND ON.....

The truth appears to be that Admiral Darlan is an opportunist of considerable skill with few fixed principles except a hatred for Britain. He now sees that the side which he has been backing is not going to win, and he is therefore prepared to play ball with the other side for his own purposes. He has a very valuable asset to deliver, and he asks a high price. Part of the price can be delivered immediately, by the Americans in Northwest Africa, in the shape of the grant to the Admiral of very extensive powers of authority in the campaign. But part of the price he can only collect later on, in the shape of similarly extensive powers of negotiation at the peace table. The question is, to what extent are the British being obligated, by the present American action, to share in the future payment. And what will the Russians have to say about it?

Power and Manpower

MR. GRANT DEXTER in a series of articles in the Winnipeg *Free Press* has been developing with a great deal of corroborative detail the thesis that there is a grave lack of coordination in Canada's governmental dealings with the most essential of all our war materials, namely the nation's manpower and womanpower. This is a thesis upon which we have harped in these columns rather continuously for months, but with somewhat less earnestness of late because we shared the popular belief that Mr. Little was being made the repository of sufficient power to achieve the desired ends if he had the energy and determination to go after them—which we were pretty confident he had. Mr. Dexter makes it abundantly clear that this is a delusion. Mr. Little has not the necessary concentration of power. Nobody has it. Different departments of the Government are still battling one-another for control of their various pet fields, and no-one has authority to tell them to get together or get out and let somebody else do the job.

Mr. King likes to have the areas of authority of his different ministers clearly marked out and to leave them to function each within his area. It is a good system in peace-time and leads to efficient ministerial direction of most of the departments, while providing good training for the ministers themselves and enabling them to qualify for constantly increasing responsibility. But in time of war the operations of government cannot be so rigidly pigeonholed. In peace a man can be dealt with in his capacity as a farmer by the Minister of Agriculture, in his capacity as a potential defender of his country by the Minister of Defence, in his capacity as a wage worker by the Minister of Labor, in his capacity as a citizen by the Minister of Justice and other departments. But in time of war the manpower and womanpower of the country is one single pool, over the proper distribution of which one authority and one alone must have power, and that situation does not exist at Ottawa and neither, apparently, does any realization of the need for it. Mr. Dexter has done a very useful and important job, which cannot be discredited by any charge of hostility to the Government on the part of either himself or his paper. It should result in a prompt assignment of the requisite power to the proper authority, no matter what Minister's territory has to be invaded nor what Minister's feelings have to be hurt. If the task requires an Assistant Prime Minister by all means let us have an Assistant Prime Minister.

Why Paper Shortage?

THERE is a paper shortage on the North American continent. Canada is part of the continent. Bandy-legged* P. I. Prentice, publisher of *Time*, says in the current issue that he scrapped three successive covers (1,300,000 copies each) because the Prime Minister of Australia, the British naval commander at Alexandria, and Tom Dewey successively got pushed off the front pages of the dailies and gave place at last to yellow-faced* General Eisenhower, running the American landing in Africa. This is quite a lot of paper. Canadian periodicals will ultimately have to make sacrifices to compensate for snook-cocking* Henry Luce's editorial extravagance.

Of course Henry might turn the wasted covers back to the pulpers and have them made over into nice clean paper again, but apparently that isn't being done, not in the U.S. anyhow. For in *Newsweek* we read: "The huge piles of scrap paper which patriotic civic organizations laboriously collected to meet a potential paper-board-material shortage have scarcely been used. The paper mills simply haven't accepted much of it. Behind this has been the opposition of pulp producers who didn't want to see scrap substituted for their product." (It is the greatly increased demand for paperboard, which also uses wood pulp, that is the cause of shortage of paper.) So when you find your favorite periodical cut down by one-fifth or thereabouts, give a kind thought to Mr. Luce and Mr. Prentice and *Time* with its covers and *Life* with its Open Letters. *Newsweek* adds that great quantities of the salvaged scrap paper has been burned in order to avoid the fire hazard; so if you feel like burning your own waste paper instead of salvaging it for somebody else to burn, who are we to tell you not to?

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*We don't know that Mr. Prentice is bandy-legged; we just thought it sounded nice and *Time*-like. We think General Eisenhower must be yellow-faced because *Time* prints him that color on its cover. We never saw Mr. Luce cocking a snook, but we like to think of him as doing it.

On Arming India

WE ARE somewhat suspicious of the proposals for the immediate "freedom of India" contained in a pamphlet written by Kate L. Mitchell, published by Amerasia Inc. of New York, and entitled "India and the War." A copy of this pamphlet has been forwarded to

(*Continued on Page Eight*)

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

BROTHER Foster of Truro has been musing again. He recalls old times when every family in Nova Scotia threaded apples on long strings and hung them in wreaths from the kitchen ceiling to dry. "It was a small family," he continues, "that dried less than eight miles of apples per season. In the hey-day of this home industry the Cider Belt of this Province used more twine than was used twenty years later by the wheat farmers of the three Western Provinces for binding sheaves." All right. Now we'll tell one. Not one fly ever roosted on these strings of dried apples.

•

THE ONCE WAS-ER

We wonder if the war abates
The Chicken Supper in the country?
Alas, the Bard impatient waits
An invitation. (Dead-head rates!
Pray pardon our effront'ry!)

The Zion Ladies' Aid prepared,
In other years, gargantuan eating.
To that we ardently repaired
And scarcely anybody cared
How rough-and-ready was the seating.

What sweetens now the pumpkin pies?
Has war impaired the oyster dressing
Which gave the fowl a sweeter guise
Eliciting contented sighs
What time the pastor asked the blessing?

With icing-sugar sternly banned,
With tea and coffee on a ration,
With no sweet pickles in the land
How can the Chicken-Supper stand
The changes all across the nation ?

•

If Viscount Bennett were plain "R.B." as he used to be in Calgary he might indulge in a few remarks and give us all a treat. Correction: Not all; all but the stenographers who would be taking him verbatim. He used to wear out stenographers faster than a four-year-old boy can wear out a pair of boots. Men and girls who could do 125 words a minute without one drop of perspiration sat cheerfully down before him and after half-an-hour at 250 words a minute or thereabouts, were carried out on stretchers.

•

REMINDER

I'm saving gas for victory. I'm saving rubber too.
Oh, I'm all-out for victory, and forty's all I do.
And I will always keep in mind the aim which heartens me
Because all cars a-whizzing past display a big, red "V".

NICK

•

An Italian submarine captain mistook a tramp tanker for an American battleship. Not surprising. A lot of Italians once mistook Mussolini for a statesman.

•

CLERIHEWS

Why did W. B. Yeats
Take only a Fourth in Greats?
He paid in his fee,
But wrote *Innisfree*.

The prophet Mahomet
Was no scholar: far from it,
When they spelled him "Mohammed,"
He cried: "I'll be dammed!"

"If this tree," murmured Newton,
"Chooses me to drop fruit on,
I shall counter such levity
By discovering gravity."*

G.N.

*Ed. Note: Re rhyme; the comment is Ouch!

•

A New York man is inviting the public to send him names, any one of which might be used to replace the German word kindergarten. Phooey! The war is too big to bother about trifles.

•

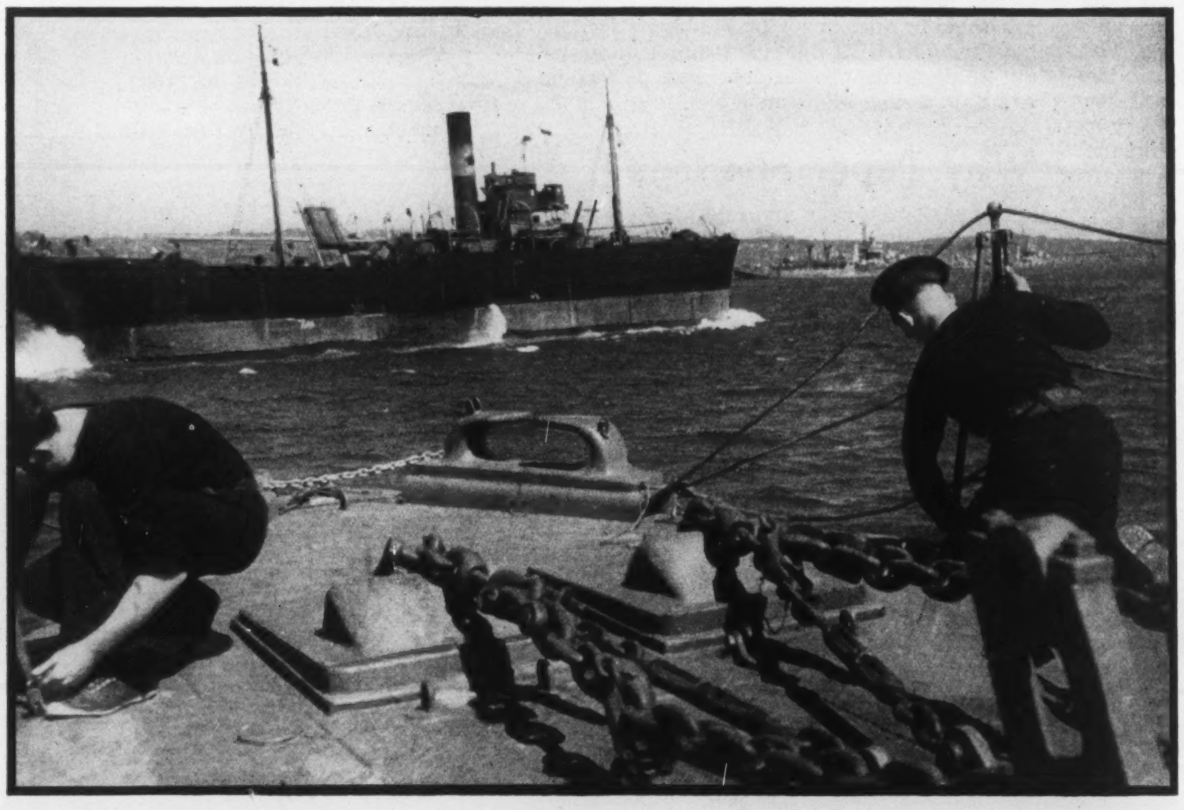
A wedding notice headed "KINGS-WILDE" reminds us of a cognate expression not unknown to theologians, though foreign to their usual practice. We refer to Aces-wild.

These Are Men Who Pay the Greatest Price . . .

Canada's corvettes, destroyers bear a third of Atlantic convoy work. Above, "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

Not too comfortable but very necessary: crew is equipped with masks against the use of gas.

Sailing time: ships of the convoy steam past the flagship whose crew stands at attention in silent salute.



Leaving the harbour: cargo vessels slip out to sea where they will assemble at their rendezvous.

Ships in convoy observe a strict wireless silence. Above: required signals are made by blinker light.

Guarding the convoys is not all excitement: there's always the ship to paint.

Story by M. R. Kirkland

"AN ATTACK on a convoy can be compared with nothing less than a desperate assault on a mighty and powerful line of fortifications." These words of a Berlin broadcast testify to the existence of a powerful Second Front which today is holding firm in the face of repeated German assaults and exacting its toll in German U-boats. Here on this battle line stretching 3,000 miles across the Atlantic and 2,000 miles still further on to Murmansk, the ships and men of the Royal Canadian Navy fight the Battle of the Atlantic from one side of the ocean to the other. There are no fixed ramparts to be fortified and manned — the battle see-saws back and forward across the face of the ocean, as ships in convoy, at times under continuous attack for more than twenty-four hours, twist and turn to evade the skulking submarine wolf pack.

(Canadian corvettes and destroyers, small ships for a Big Job, are bearing one-third of the trans-Atlantic convoy work, Navy Minister MacDonald stated recently. Canada's Navy, grown from 15 ships and 1,700 men at the outbreak of war to almost 500 ships and 41,000 men at present, dare not relax its effort, if losses, estimated at less than ½ of 1 per cent of ships in convoy, are to be held to that notable minimum.)

Aboard the escort ships of these great sea caravans, constant watch is never relaxed. Round-the-clock, twenty-four hours a day men can be found at work, alternating four hours on duty with four hours off. The majority of those who man Canada's destroyers and corvettes are young Canadians in their early twenties, most of whom never saw the sea before the war. Yet many of them are veterans of numerous crossings—some have been torpedoed,—escaping death from drowning, freezing and exposure, only to return to their duties with enthusiasm unimpaired.

Mysteries of seamanship, gunnery, torpedoes and detection apparatus have become to them a familiar part of regular ship-board routine. There is daily life boat drill and gas mask drill with helmets and respirators to keep familiar the feel of such things. Despite the strain of continuous vigil, it is a life of hearty comradeship and laughter—with much good-natured chaffing—and always there is a group to congregate at any hour of the day or night around the dining table on the mess deck—to read letters from home or to reminisce over photographs. Even the slang is distinctly "Navy" and Sailor's English can be mystifying to the uninitiated. Jack Navy calls his hammock a "cart" and "sculling" is his term for loafing.

SAILING time brings great activity. A sight to stir the thinnest blood are the ships of the convoy as they steam proudly out of the harbor in the morning sunlight, past the flag ship whose commodore will direct their Atlantic crossing. From the moment anchoring ropes are pulled and the long trans-Atlantic passage begins, all the sights and sounds of life at sea fall into their familiar rhythm —the whistling of the wind in the rigging—the strong but muted throb of heavy diesel engines underfoot.

As the flag ship approaches the harbor entrance all the crew stand at attention in silent salute. These are city boys and farm boys—many

November 22 to 28 is . . .

. . . That We May Keep Our Allies Well Supplied

"From humblest rating standing watch to captain of the flagship, each feels responsible for ships they guard."

Aboard convoy flagship: Signals Petty Officer looks for acknowledgement of sailing orders.

Men who sail our destroyers, corvettes are mostly Canadians in their early 20's; many never saw the sea before the war.

Pictures by Malak

of them familiar with the wide sweep of the open prairie, whose eyes for days and weeks to come will search the wider, lonelier reaches of the North Atlantic.

Ahead lies constant station keeping with its continual scanning of the horizon and searching the waters for signs of hostile subs—together with much use of precision instruments and listening devices for detecting submarines. From humblest rating standing duty watch to the captain of the flagship, following his chart and setting the course for the convoy, each feels personal responsibility for the ships they guard.

Ever on the flanks of the convoy the escorting corvettes and destroyers hover, zig-zagging continuously, first to port, then to starboard. Between them the convoyed ships keep in a straight line. Constant movement of escort vessels calls for frequent signalling, done with lamps and flags since wireless silence cannot be broken. Always for the flag ship there must be constant checking of its charges to make sure all are accounted for. Woe betide the straggler who falls behind or becomes separated from the others.

TOWARDS evening all the convoyed ships file past in line, and the commodore aboard the flag ship gives instructions and information for the night course. Then all ships plunge into complete blackout, covers tight closed over port holes. Responsibility thereafter rests with the commodore, on call day and night—his the authority at the first sign of U-boat attack to order changes in course.

Ahead as autumn's mists and fog close down upon the North Atlantic lie days of ploughing through near-freezing seas, with ice-cold spray whipping across decks, licking hungrily at gun mountings and men alike — days when the fog sweeps down like a curtain, blotting out sea and sky, with ships looming suddenly out of the dark like lean grey wraiths. Nerves grow taut under the continual strain, eyes weary from seeking to penetrate the mist.

FOG not only brings the danger of collision and likelihood that ships may become separated from the convoy, but makes the search for submarines a perilous game of hide-and-seek, with always the chance of losing the foe in a fog bank.

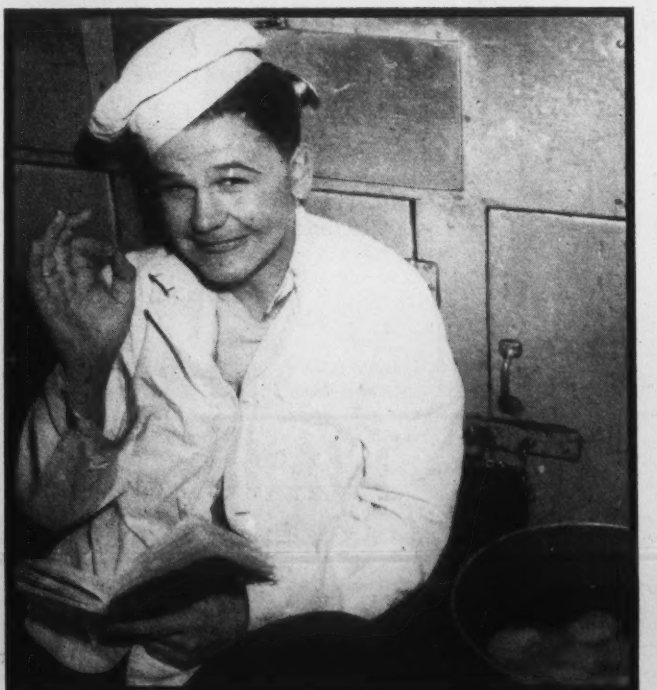
Under cover of fog submarines prowl closer. It is then that a deadly torpedo may find its mark in one of the convoyed ships, or even an escort vessel. "Torpedoed and sunk in heavy fog", the laconic naval report, tells nothing of the deafening explosion which follows the actual torpedo hit—the tremendous vibration as the ship lists sharply—the pitch blackness below deck as lights are put out of commission. With debris and water pouring down, the crew struggle up the hatches to the deck—taking their stations with no sign of panic — until the order comes to abandon ship. . . . Then over the side into water of forty degrees, with always the possibility of floating for hours in the fog before being picked up, or of drifting for days on life rafts and open boats.

And in the face of all this, young Canadians still come forward to join our valiant Navy—it's a hardy and valiant breed that mans the "Wall of Ships" on Canada's Atlantic Front!

. . . Navy Week in Canada

The food is good but sleep is better, to this weary tar who has just come off his watch on deck.

Daily lifeboat drill is a "must" at sea. Above: ready for the order, "lower away!"



Most important man on board? "Cookie" here finds just the dish to keep his hungry customers happy.

Hitler Is Doomed—But Will We Save Ourselves?

BY HENRY PETERSON

Hitler's present campaign in the Mediterranean is the first that he has had to make under definitely unfavorable conditions. The natural forces of his enemies have at last caught up with the artificial strength of Germany.

But Hitler may still win the peace if he can play upon disunity of policy among the United Nations. And the recognition of Darlan is a striking example of the survival of the Appeasement spirit.

SO HITLER is at last forced to fight a Greek campaign in reverse—rushing forces across the open sea to Tunisia in a forlorn attempt to gain time, to gain time for the fortification of the Mediterranean islands of Sardinia, Sicily, Pantelleria, Crete, Corsica and the Dodecanese, which are the stepping stones to Italy, France and the Balkans, and these areas are in turn the open road to Germany from south and west.

So, in spite of German preparations for this war since the Armistice of 1918, natural forces have again caught up with artificial armed strength, as they did the last time in the summer of 1918 after four whole years of murderous fighting.

Before we look into the future from this war's turning point, let us take a quick glance at the achievements of artificial strength which the German High Command for a second time thought could overcome natural strength, as embodied in the French Empire, the British Empire, the Soviet Union and the United States.

The grand strategy was, of course, to crush each of those obstacles in turn before these mutually suspicious empires could compose their unrealistic differences. It looked sound to the German mind, yet it was fundamentally unsound, since the closer Germany came to complete victory, the surer was her defeat, by driving the four to combine in sheer self-preservation which would fully utilize their natural strength.

Having had this perspective since Germany's crushing defeat the last time, I told the Rotary Club of Hong Kong twenty-one years later in two long talks the first while Dunkirk was on and the second six days before Petain surrendered a stupefied France—that Hitler was doomed to defeat by his very victory over France, causing, I must record, but thinly-disguised amusement.

The fact that, with France prostrate, Hitler did not invade Britain I still believe was due to the defects of the German qualities. Hitler, the embodiment of the German soul, would, in Churchill's shoes, have come to terms; — it was just an unheard-of phantasy for a disarmed country to fight on. Further, Hitler believed Ribbentrop's estimate of the British body politic—that the Conservative party, backed by the City, would defeat Churchill in Parliament and appoint an appeaser as Prime Minister, whereupon the people of Britain would revolt, and the German Army could then invade while a civil war was raging. I believe civilization was saved by one speech made by one man—that miraculous speech of Churchill's, based on his knowledge of the nature of the British people, decreeing battle on the beaches, in the hills, in the streets, decreeing battle but never surrender.

As to Hitler's attack on Russia, it is still widely proclaimed as his greatest blunder of all. I cannot see it. In the summer of 1941, he had either to attack Britain or Russia, since a conqueror cannot stand still. Invading Britain was indeed a hazardous undertaking, and could not replace the raw materials thus expended which were needed for the subsequent subjugation of Russia; whereas the subjugation of Russia would give him even more raw materials than he needed for the conquest of Britain, which would, in turn, give him not only the shipyards and skilled labor but the geographical position for the conquest of the Americas.

Hitler on Defensive

Six months after the Russian adventure came Pearl Harbor, and natural strength at last was totally released against artificial strength, not only because of the addition of America's easily-harnessed resources, but also because tenacious and giant China could now be armed against Japan.

Now comes Hitler's "Greek campaign", the first campaign since September, 1939, to be fought by the long-prepared German war machine under adverse conditions.

Here may I confess to a peculiar habit I have had ever since Japan attacked China in July, 1937? In these five years and more I have in imagination spent an evening now and then at enemy headquarters, asking questions. In this way I have just spent an evening with Hitler in his eyrie at Berchtesgaden, which is almost equidistant from the Russian, British, African, Norwegian and Atlantic fronts.

There he cannot help but get the feeling that he is ringed round by the natural forces of the world. There he knows most acutely that he is fighting on the inside of a circle eight thousand miles in circumference and that his interior lines could avail him little against this ring of enemies that can employ overwhelming forces at a score of vital points and strike before he could reinforce them from his necessarily thinly-stretched forces, if his enemies co-ordinated such concentric attacks.

If they so struck at him from Russia, through the Balkans, Italy and Southern France, from Africa, along the French Atlantic seaboard from America and Northern France from Britain, while another attack came from Norway through Denmark, his 8000-mile defence ring would crumble, in time. Yet for him to attack from inside such a circle would now be just suicide. So there are today only two alternatives before him—to surrender or to defend.

To surrender is still out of the question, since the Allies may make one or two gigantic blunders which would make a stalemate possible, so he will defend.

Propaganda for Disunity

Looking out of his central eyrie at Berchtesgaden, how best can he carry out a defensive strategy that will allow him to take crushing advantage of a collection of enemies who must commit major blunders through an inevitable lack of co-ordination in having no unity of command?

The answer is: By propaganda and secret separate peace offers to Britain, America and Russia, with Japan similarly contacting Chungking and Moscow, subtly playing off one against the other, playing on the reasons why there is no unity of command among them. Especially will Hitler play on the fear in American and British Big Business of the Soviet Union's economic and social intentions at the peace conference, and on Soviet antagonism to the amoral practices of the cartel system. Such whisperings are already the common coin of conversation; such whisperings have already barbed the minds of the cretinous and greedy; such whisperings are telling the submerged peoples to beware the promises of London and Washington. And now—

Now Anglo-American co-ordination has made the arch-Quisling Darlan commander-in-chief of the French forces of North Africa!

Churchill, I venture to say, has no joy in this contract, which bears the triple-blimp hallmark of the Washington State Department's advisers surrounding Eisenhower in Africa. For Churchill has come to appreciate Charles de Gaulle's farsighted obstinacy, and has no sympathy for the high members of the French military caste who brought about the downfall of France and have since preferred the swastika to the Cross of Lorraine.

Crushing defeat on the field of battle is something which the Axis cannot now avoid, unless Allied morale collapses, which can hardly happen in view of the superiority of our powers of endurance over those of our enemies. Yet I am by no means sure that Hitler may not still win the peace. Long generations of prosperity and world power have brought the three great Western democracies such a long way from the requirements for making a better world, that I am not sure that they can achieve that end if they win the merely fighting victory before they have had their spiritual diseases cured by hardship, blood, sweat and tears.

Without the proper spirit, the victors cannot win the peace. They cannot create the better world. Some of the victors are ready. The Chinese, the Russians, the submerged peoples of Europe, the submerged peoples of the South-West Pacific now tasting the bitterness of Japanese "co-prosperity," these are ready. The British, bombed at home, their forces fighting for three years against unimaginable odds all over the world, are ready. But there are others.

Let us hope that destiny will be kind to the American and Canadian peoples, and put them through sufficient of the cleansing fire of sacrifice to make them such realists as the Chinese, Russians and British.

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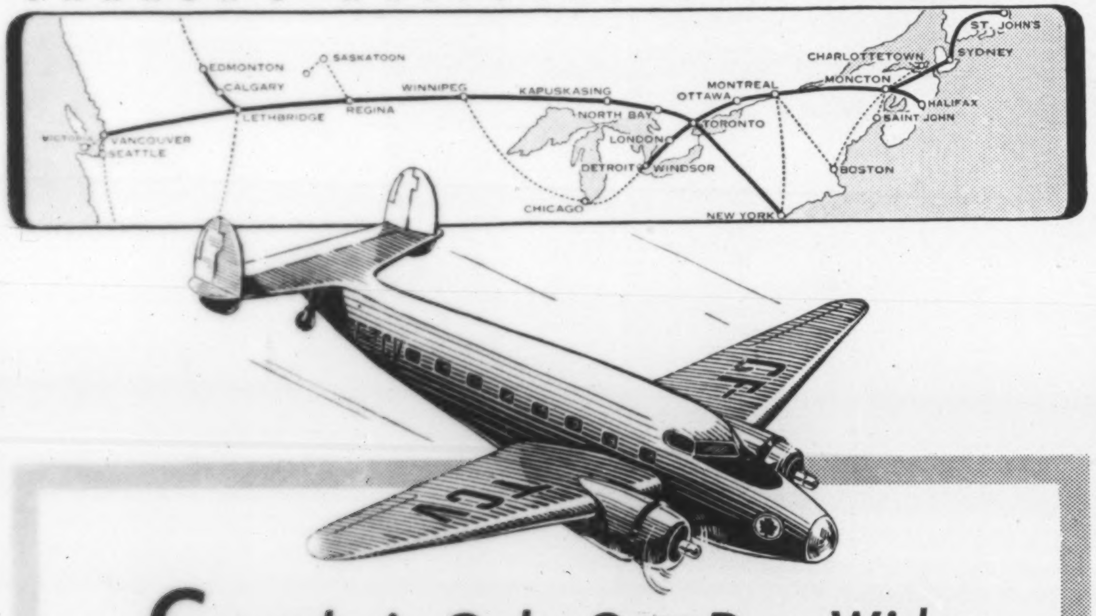

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Industrial Camouflage—to Protect Your Plant

BY GORDON BEST

Camouflage experts in the United States are already camouflaging war factories and vital installations. Here is some of the latest information on this important subject which should be of interest to Canadian war industry executives.

IN THE United States a considerable amount of attention is being paid to the question of camouflaging industrial plants and various vital installations against the advent of hostile bombers. Quite a number of plants on war work have already been camouflaged. In Canada we are by no means immune from bombing. And that doesn't mean just our coastal cities as large, land-based Nazis bombers in Norway and France can cross the Atlantic with ease and fly hundreds of miles inland to drop their bombs. It is high time that we give this element of defence some serious consideration. Camouflage will be of no use to a factory lying in ruins.

Many executives wish to know how, and to what extent, their buildings should be camouflaged. In his new book, *Modern Camouflage*,* Major Robert Breckenridge, camouflage expert for the U.S. Corps of Engineers, says, "There is no single answer to the question, 'How should I camouflage my buildings?' Modern protective concealment is a matter of degree, and the extent to which camouflage is carried depends upon the amount of protection desired or required. *The importance of the product to the war effort is a more weighty consideration than the initial or replacement value of the factory.* If, for example several factories are manufacturing a war product, the loss of any one of them would not be as drastic as it would be with but a single plant supplying the entire demand."

Nearby Features

Aside from the treatment of the buildings proper, consideration must be given to such things as roads leading to the plant, raw or finished material dumps nearby, treatment of the plant grounds and other factors such as the advisability of installing decoys in the general area surrounding the plant.

Any kind of extensive installation will probably require the services, or at least the knowledge, of architects, engineers, artists and horticulturalists to carry out the plans of the camouflage engineer.

For camouflage installations on plants located in rural surroundings, the horticulturalist will probably be the most indispensable of these. He will be required to transplant shrubs, quick-growing vines, small trees and other types of foliage natural to the surrounding terrain.

An interesting point which Major Breckenridge explains is that in many cases it is considered advisable to camouflage a factory much more extensively on one or two sides than on the others. This is governed by consideration of most likely direction of approach which will be taken by hostile bombers intent upon attacking the installation. Selection of approach is in turn governed by two general factors. The first is to take advantage of nearby landmarks which the bombardier will use as reference points to direct his pilot directly to the factory and also to judge the proper release point for the bombs. The second factor is important to daytime bombers attacking a factory protected by anti aircraft guns. They know that if they come "out of the sun" they will be much harder to see as the sun will tend to blind the ground defence gunners.

Both day and night deceptive effects have been used overseas to make the enemy think he has scored direct hits on targets and thus go on to others. At night, decoy fires in the vicinity of the plant are ignited by remote control. These may be simply fuel oil and shavings or other waste. In daytime dense clouds of smoke are produced by quickly pulling away a net or screen from a section of the factory roof on which is located a smoke pot. This section is painted black to simulate a bomb crater. The screen, of course, is painted the same color as the surrounding roof.

Blackout Lighting

Recommendations for home or emergency lighting during blackouts are important to all of us. Major Breckenridge clarifies an important point on which there has been a considerable amount of controversial discussion: "We believe that the much discussed question of red lights vs. blue lights deserves a brief and definite answer." " . . . tests were conducted, and without going into details, the following figures are indicative of the results. These figures represent the beam candlepower of five blackout vehicle headlights of different colors, each of them illuminating a road and all of them just barely visible to observers viewing them high in the air. The beam candlepowers to obtain the same degree of visibility were:

Blue	6 beam candlepower
White	35 beam candlepower
Amber	35 beam candlepower
Orange Red . .	300 beam candlepower
Red	400 beam candlepower

"Thus it was conclusively proved that far more red than blue light could be permitted at the low levels of illumination with which blackout lighting deals. Red light is also to be preferred because it does not destroy dark adaptation to the same extent as blue light, and is therefore better for personnel who must function efficiently under blackout conditions."

Such lights, of course, should always be shaded so that light is directed downward and never permitted to show directly above the horizontal.

Although camouflage is a relatively new art it already has a fairly extensive bibliography, a substantial portion of which has been perused by the present writer, and *Modern Camouflage* appears to include every essential feature of the subject. The book contains 280 pages and is profusely illustrated with 132 photographs and diagrams together with a color chart of the nine official U.S. Army camouflage colors.

It is undoubtedly the most up-to-the-minute and authoritative book on camouflage for industrial installations published to date. Major Breckenridge writes with the background and authority of knowledge gained by experience and study of all of the tests made in the U.S. to date together with all authentic accounts of what has been done abroad in this field.

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*MODERN CAMOUFLAGE, by Major Robert P. Breckenridge, Oxford University Press, Toronto. $4.25.

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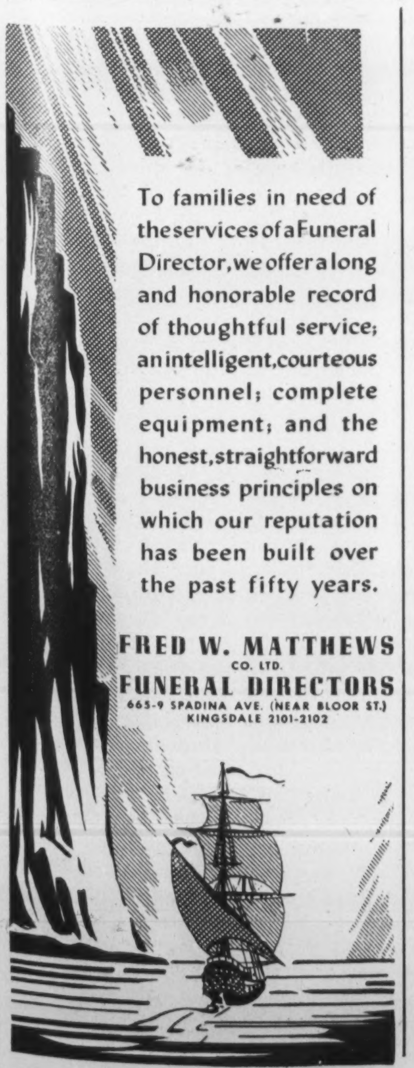
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The Front Page

(Continued from Page Three)

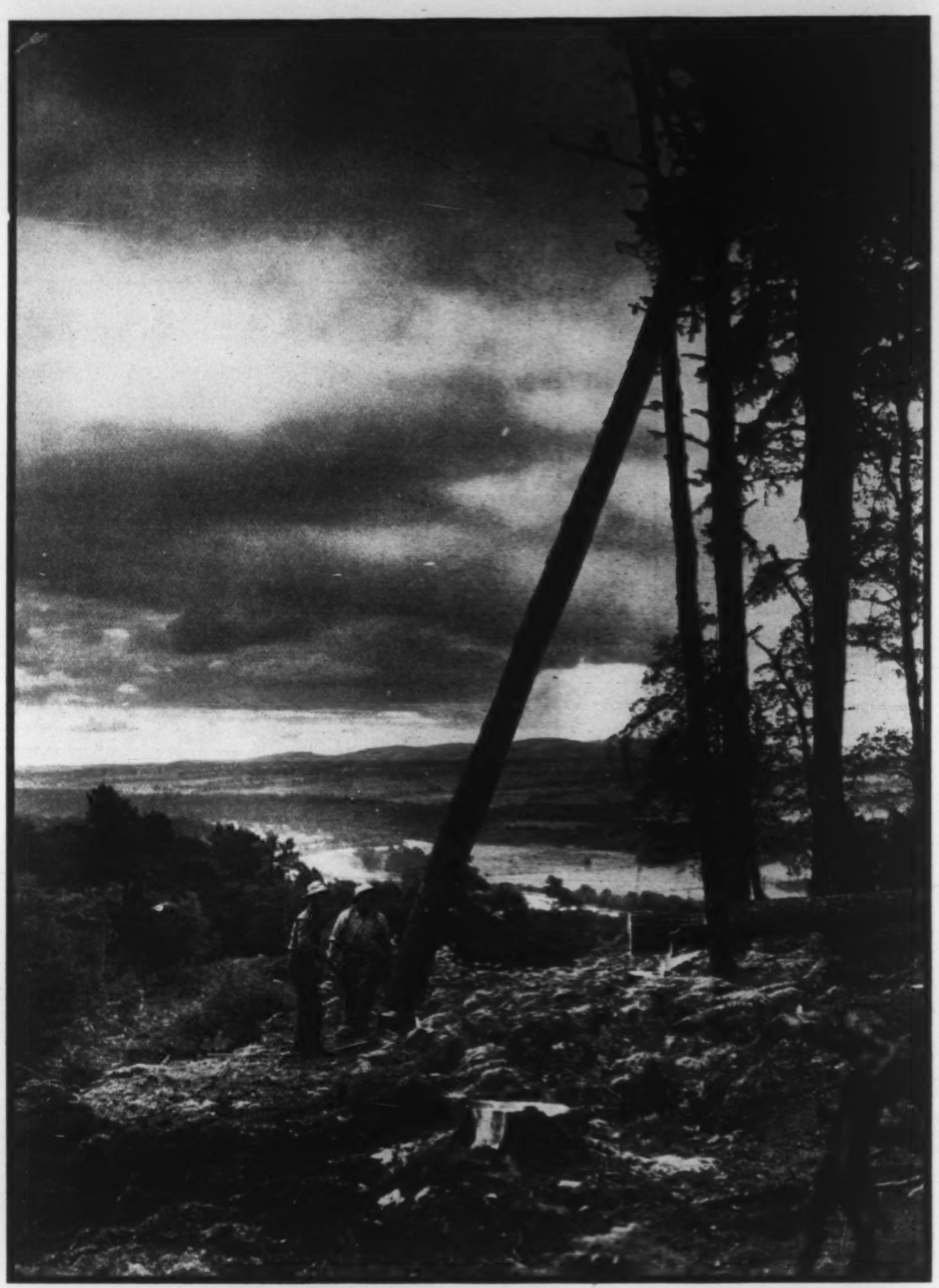
us by Mr. A. A. McLeod of Toronto. It purports to be an analysis of the Cripps Mission and its aftermath, and it advocates the immediate and complete granting of all the demands of the Congress Party, but especially of the transfer to a wholly Indian authority (which would not be democratically selected, though that fact is not stressed in the pamphlet) of the control of all Indian troops. Much capital is made of the fact that the Indian civil population is not armed and could not therefore resist, except by non-cooperation, any invasion by the Japanese. This sounds distressing to the average American, brought up under a tradition that the bearing of arms is an essential right of citizenship, and quite unaware of the differences of social structure between his pioneer democracy and the caste-ridden class system of India.

Miss Mitchell stresses the supposed parallel between India and China. "The Indian people want to resist in the Chinese way. If Britain and the United States will take immediate steps to give them the necessary arms and training, the story of India's defence will be, not a repetition of the disastrous record of Malaya, Java and Burma, but that of the courageous and unyielding defence of China." There is not the slightest justification for any such parallel. China, a proud and self-conscious nation for hundreds of years, has practically no religious divisions; the determining force in the conduct of the Chinese is a philosophy rather than a religion. India is divided into scores of religious beliefs, some of which are among the most superstitious in the world, but beyond that, the followers of the most widely held belief are also divided into innumerable castes which cannot possibly cooperate because their shadows cannot cross one-another's path.

Under the discipline afforded by the British military system, somewhat over a million of the more "martial races" have been organized into a first-class army, which is being increased very rapidly. The idea that any Indian authority could, *at the present time,* by putting arms in the hands of a great number of Hindus and Moslems, produce anything but a number of dangerous and rival mobs is wholly untenable. But beyond that, there is, *at the present time,* no Indian authority in any way responsible to the people of India and no machinery for creating one. The demand, the last demand, of the Congress party was for a Cabinet to be nominated by Indian parties, responsible to no legislature or electorate, and incapable of being changed. The result of placing the military forces of the country at the disposal of such an authority, in the midst of a world war, would be nothing short of a period of unimaginable slaughter.

Winnipeg and Socialism

THE Winnipeg convention, it is now clear, will witness a showdown between the two bodies of opinion within the Conservative party, one of which desires to preserve the historic continuity of the party, and the other of which feels that as against the rising power of the Socialists there is no hope in anything but a coalition of the private-enterprise elements of both the old parties. It is likely that in these columns we have done somewhat less than justice to the coalitionists and their leaders, Mr. Meighen and Dr. Bruce, by crediting them with looking no further into the future than to the date of an early combination with conscriptionist Liberals for the establishment of overseas conscription and the winning for professional Conservatives of some share in the sweets of office. It now seems certain that the design goes far beyond that, and uses conscription merely as a means for obliterating the ancient division between the two great parties, as a necessary step for the defence of institutions on which they have always in the past agreed but which are now under attack from a new quarter.



To satisfy one of Britain's most pressing wartime needs, the forests which are Scotland's pride are now being sacrificed for timber and Canadian lumberjacks are cutting it. Here two men of the Canadian Forestry Corps are at work felling trees on the shores of Loch Ness, where the Canadians have established saw mills.

This means that the convention members will have a very grave issue to determine. They will have to decide—those of them who wish to maintain the private enterprise system, which we take to be a large majority—whether they can do this best by sinking their party identity in that of an anti-Socialist party combining elements from all the existing non-Socialist parties, or by continuing an independent existence as a middle-of-the-road party prepared to support moderate measures and to veto extreme measures whether they come from the Left or from the Right. There is a serious danger that a coalition under such auspices as are now visible would repel a great many moderates now in the Conservative party, who would be driven over to the Socialists by the feeling that the coalition was distinctly a party of privilege and of blind adherence to the *status quo ante bellum.* The Port Hope element would obviously to a large extent be among that number. On the other hand, if Socialism is the real issue there seems little use in a division of parties which takes no cognizance of it.

The coalitionists are reputed to have settled upon Mr. Bracken of Manitoba as their candidate, representing him as a politician who has shown his skill in managing coalitions in his own province, and as likely to gather votes in the West which might otherwise go to the Socialist candidates. The West will obviously cut a large figure in the convention, and this with the support of the coalition advocates from the East should give Mr. Bracken a considerable advantage. It is to be hoped however that the decision to merge the party will not be arrived at without at least a full and effective expression of the arguments against it. Coalition should certainly not be discussed in terms of an overseas conscription measure alone, for unless the coalitionists can bring some evidence that they can break up the Liberal party on that issue before the end of the war such a discussion will be meaningless. If there are no frankly anti-coalition candidates, men who believe that the Conservative party as such has still a function to perform which no other party can perform, this may be what will happen, in which case we fancy that the convention will attract very little popular interest and win the party very little support.

There are quite a lot of young Conservatives who are not yet prepared to join up with any and all available Liberals on the sole condition that Mr. King gets out. We hope that at least one or two of these will throw their hats into the ring and tell the party why they do so. Mr. Dana Porter does not think that coalition is necessary. Mr. Diefenbaker does not think that coalition is necessary. They think that Socialism can be dealt with without the necessity of having a party perpetually organized for no other purpose than to keep it out. (Some people think that one way of dealing with it is to let enough of it in to give the populace a lively taste of it, and that that has been done already by the New Deal Liberals.) If the convention is to be more than a puppet show with the strings pulled from behind there should be a frank discussion of such matters.

The Seven Governors

SEVEN members of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto, voting in opposition to the President of the University, the Chancellor of the University, the Chairman of the Board (the Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, an experienced educationist) and the Vice-Chairman of the Board (J. J. Gibson, B.A. LL.D.), have passed a ruling which appears to have the effect of excluding from the university all persons who fall under the technical designation of "enemy aliens." This includes all persons who were claimed as its subjects by the German Reich at the outbreak of the war, among them being all Jews and Czechoslovaks who had escaped from under the Nazi yoke at that date but had not yet had time to acquire other citizenship. Some sixteen such persons who were refugees from Nazi tyranny, living in England, at the outbreak of the war, who were sent to Canada by the British government in 1940, who have been in internment, whose antecedents and opinions have been thoroughly investigated, who have been listed by both the British and the Canadian governments as suitable for release if anybody will assume responsibility for the cost of their education, and who have secured sponsors, have all been applicants for courses at the University of Toronto since the beginning of the term, and are all barred by this ruling.

Tiring of Socialism?

See article in next week's Saturday Night.

The Board of Governors meets in private, and does not have to render any account for its actions. There is therefore no official statement of the reasons for this decision. The Toronto *Telegram,* which may be taken as accurately reflecting the mentality of this section of the Board, defends the ruling on the ground of "the injustice of placing these aliens, however they might be described, in a preferred position to young Canadians who have left the University's halls to discharge duties which the times have placed upon them." The seven Governors, in other words, regard the education over which they have control solely as something which confers a competitive advantage on those who can get it, over those who cannot.

The Board of Governors consists of 23 members. Eight of these according to the list in the current Canadian Almanac, do not possess any academic degree. All eight of them are highly successful men, whose careers suggest that the lack of a university education is far from being a fatal handicap; indeed we should not have supposed that any of them would admit that their fellow "young Canadians" of the same generation had been placed in a "preferred position" as compared with themselves because they never entered the University's halls until they became Governors.

Armed Forces Picture Show

R. S. Lambert, who is recovering from a severe illness, will review the important Armed Forces Picture Show at Hart House in next week's issue.

This *Telegram* concept of education is not the concept which was in the minds of the founders of the University, and certainly not the concept which was in the minds of the men who endowed it so richly with noble buildings and well-supported professorships. Men like the Masseys do not give millions for institutions like Hart House, in order that in future years one class of "young Canadians" selected by some ruling of the Board of Governors may attain a "preferred position" over other "young Canadians" who are not so lucky. They endow educational institutions in the belief that the existence of an educated element is essential to the healthy life of the community and nation, and in the hope and faith that the future administrators of those institutions will use them to draw into that educated class the largest possible number of young men who have the intellectual and moral qualities which the scholastic discipline requires. The history of education in Canada has been one long record of the struggle to make and keep it open to all such young persons without exclusion on any other ground than that of inability to make good use of the offered instruction.

The *Telegram* and the seven Governors hold that this country is going to have so many educated persons after the war that Czechoslovaks must be kept uneducated for fear they will compete with educated Canadians and keep them out of "places" — which means places where you can make money. That is the plain meaning of this editorial. There are ample facilities in the University of Toronto for educating far more students than are at present attending, for the number of possible students is being cut down by the demands of military and other service; but Czechoslovaks who cannot perform military service *must be kept uneducated.* We do not believe in the theory of a surplus of educated persons in Canada; we believe that what Canada will suffer from after the war is an excess of uneducated persons (in journalism and elsewhere); and we believe that Canada and the University of Toronto will be bitterly sorry for this action of the seven Governors.

Tunisia's Bizerta—The Dagger at Italy's Throat

BY LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE DREW

Bizerta is one of the great harbors of the world, and is defended by one of the world's greatest fortification systems, which however was designed to meet attack from the east and not the west.

For Italy, says Col. Drew, who has inspected the terrain with the eye of a military expert, the loss of Bizerta would spell disaster. And the French fleet may be awaiting its capture by the United Nations to afford it a safe base away from France.

BIZERTA is going to be one of the most important names in the news for some time to come. The Germans and Italians are rushing troops by air and sea to that Tunisian naval base, which is only one hundred miles from Sicily. Its harbor and its airfields are close to Italy —dangerously close for the Italians. But that is not the main reason why Axis forces are being concentrated there. Bizerta has one of the greatest naval harbors in the world, and is the strongest base along the whole African coast of the Mediterranean. In the hands of the United Nations, it would become the central assembly point for the land, sea, and air forces which will form the spearhead of the southern offensive against the European mainland.

Tunisia has been a French protectorate since 1881, and since that time the Bey has merely been the nominal ruler, all the affairs of the country being under the control of French officials. In the years between the Great War and this war, France spent large sums in modernizing the defences of Tunisia, and right up to the present has maintained garrisons in Bizerta and Tunis. But it was Bizerta upon which they concentrated their efforts, and the claim has been made by Frenchmen that Bizerta is as strong as Gibraltar.

The town itself has been the scene of many struggles since the days when it became a Roman colony. Even then its importance resulted from the fact that it possessed one of the finest and safest harbors in the Mediterranean. It changed hands many times, and for centuries prior to the French occupation the harbor had been neglected. But in 1890 a development company received a concession to dredge out the canal which connects the Lake of Bizerta with the sea, and once again open the protected port which had been so famous in the past.

This lake is about fifty square miles in area, connected with the sea by a natural passage half a mile long and more than two hundred yards wide. The lake is deep enough to accommodate the largest battleships, and of sufficient area to contain the combined navies of the Allied Nations.

In recent years the canal has been widened and deepened and the great naval port of Sidi Abdallah has been built at the southwest of the lake. At this port, which is about ten miles from the open sea, there are wharves, dry docks, repair shops, and all the services necessary for maintaining a large fleet of naval vessels.

Vast Sums on Defences

During the years of increasing friction between Italy and France, vast sums were spent in building up the defences of Bizerta as well as in preparing the naval port to maintain the French fleet. Great secrecy was maintained as to the details of the armament, but French officers left no doubt that guns of the largest calibre were mounted in the high hills overlooking the entrance to the naval base. It was their boast that ships at anchor in the lake were safer than those at Gibraltar.

Large airports were built and considerable numbers of anti-aircraft guns were installed. It is doubtful if they are effective by present standards, which perhaps accounts for the apparent ease with which German transport planes landed troops, although the French garrisons have been opposing their occupation.

What may present some difficulty to the forces under General Anderson are the fortifications surrounding the naval base and airfields. This connected defence system, known as the Mareth Line, was regarded by the French as a sort of local Maginot Line. But like the Maginot Line, it was built with the expectation that the enemy would be coming from the east, if land forces were engaged. Those who designed the fortifications were thinking of an attack either by sea or, if on land, from Italian Libya.

In any event, the Axis must move heavy equipment by sea to meet the weight of metal possessed by the British and American forces now closing in on Bizerta. Axis airborne troops and fighting equipment cannot do the job alone, and the strength of the Axis stand in Tunisia will depend on their ability to move transports across the narrow waters, now infested by British submarines and combed by bombers of the United Nations. One of the sharpest and most important engagements of the whole war is now in its opening phases.

For Italy, the loss of Bizerta spells disaster. With it in their possession, it will be possible for the United Nations to mass convoys under screen of fighter planes which can strike during the hours of darkness at Sicily, Sardinia, or the Italian mainland. Bizerta controls the narrowest passage in the whole Mediterranean. If it is in British and American hands the Italian navy will not only be helpless but can be systematically destroyed by submarine and air attack. Because it is so important—far more important than any other place in Africa, for Italy and Germany as well—they will in all probability, make a desperate effort to hold this powerful base.

It is also certain that General Anderson will strike fast and hard. There is more than an immediate military victory involved. It will give a base from which sea-borne supplies can be carried quickly to Bengazi for General Alexander's Eighth Army so that his final crushing attacks on Rommel will not be slowed down because of the length of his supply lines from Alexandria. Its capture may have very important consequences elsewhere. It was built as the alternative naval base to Toulon. It is the only other French port capable of accommodating the whole French fleet. That thought may be in the minds of the officers in command of the French ships now lying under steam in the harbor of Toulon. Let us hope it is.

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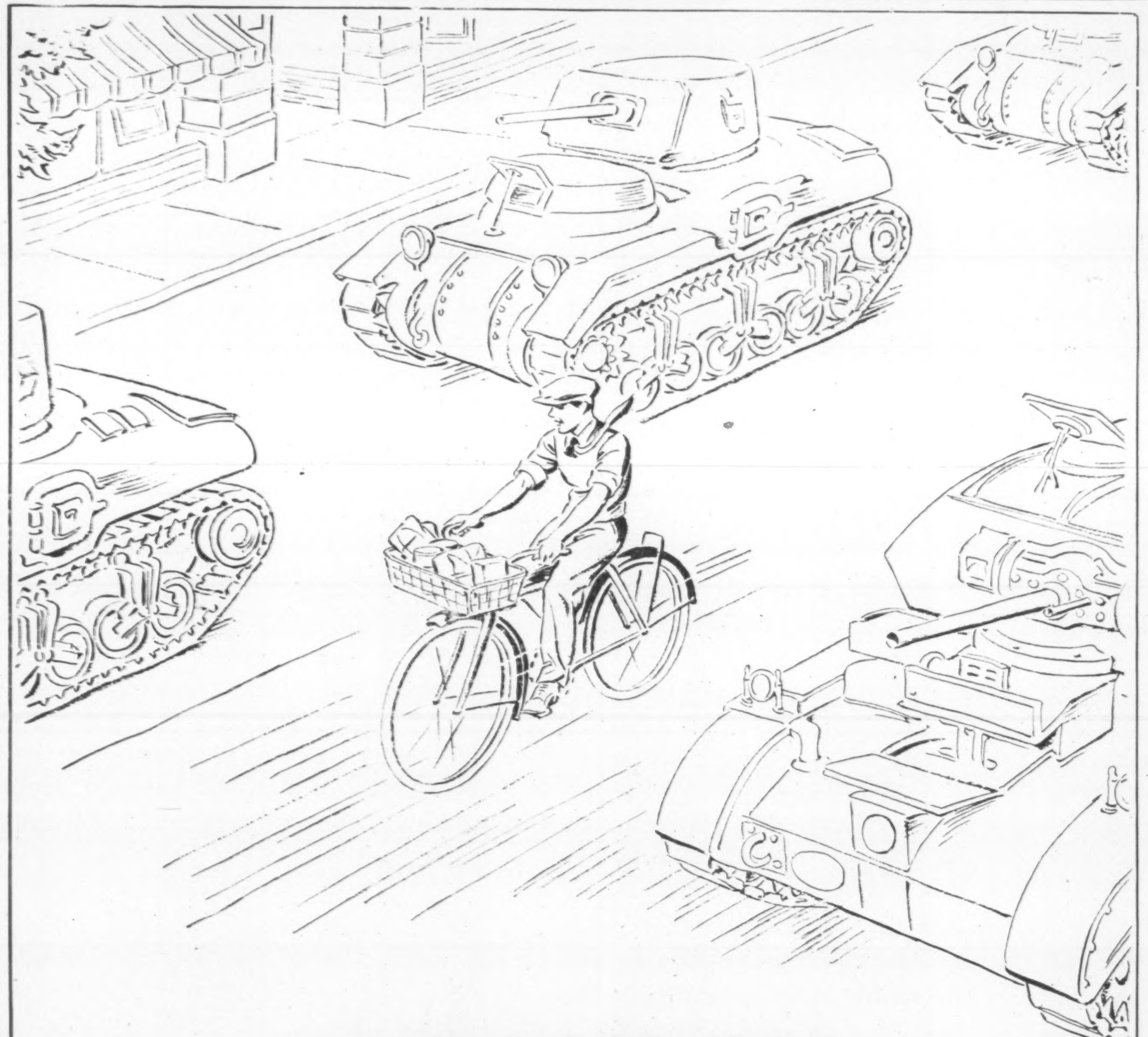

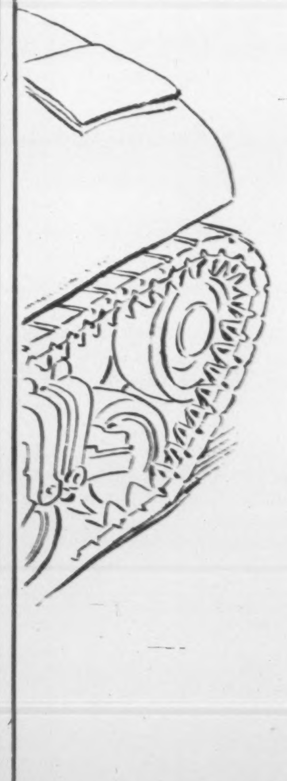

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THE LIGHTER MOMENT

Off and On the Record

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

FOR a long time nobody seemed to know just what was taking place in the obscure and terrifying mind of Mr. Hitler. Fortunately however this confusion has shifted in recent weeks. We are now getting a fairly clear view of the Hitler state of mind, while the Fuhrer, at the same time, seems to be growing less and less aware of what is going on in his own head. The following conversation is said to have taken place at the recent meeting (rumored) of Hitler, Mussolini and Laval, which was alleged, and later denied, to have taken place in Rome. The report, like the meeting, may be regarded as supposititious.

Adolf (to Pierre): Well, I'm taking over the rest of your territory tomorrow. And of course the French Fleet at Toulon.

Pierre: Sure, Chief, just move in any time. (After a moment) Only about the Toulon fleet, you know how it is. We're a little short-handed and deliveries are likely to be a bit slow.

Adolf (Menacingly): Listen, if you're trying to cross me up on this—

Pierre: Why, Chief, I wouldn't cross you up. (Reproachfully) Who let your supplies through to Libya? Who gave the experts free passage to Dakar? It was me, wasn't it? And what about the French deportations? Why I'm your pal.

Benito: Sure he's your pal. He'd give you the shirt off my back.

Pierre: Tell you what I'll do, Chief. I'll let you have the whole Maginot line, for free. (Cunningly) Two metres of concrete, re-inforced by steel railings. What a hideout!

Adolf (hotly): A hideout! Me! I tell you, in me the German people have a leader who will never surrender. (After a moment) Did you say two metres of concrete?

Pierre: That's right, Chief. Now, don't you worry. If you don't want the Line, I've got my eye on a place in Sweden. Old abandoned farmhouse, lots of timber, good look-out. Why they'd never find you. All you'd have to do is maybe grow a beard and change your name from Adolf to Axel. How about it? Axel the Woodcutter.

Adolf: Don't *talk* about wood-cutting. . . . In me the German people have a man with the strength to see things through. I have never been more confident of decisive and overwhelming victory.

Benito: Hey, quit. Those are my finger-nails you're biting this time.

Pierre (eagerly): Here Chief, have a lend of mine.

Adolf (angrily): Besides it was a simple matter for the Kaiser. Holland was a comparatively healthy country back in 1918.

Pierre: Or you might try Africa. How about a blackface job, just till things blow over. Know any Ushanti, Chief?

Adolf: I tell you, the decisive and last word will be spoken by me. (menacingly) Anyway you're not in such a healthy spot yourself. If it wasn't for me they'd rub you out tomorrow.

Pierre (cheerfully): Oh, don't worry about me, Chief. I can always slide through as second-class matter in a plain wrapper.

Benito: And how about me? I'm the one who gets it first. How would you like it if people went round calling you the soft underside of the Axis belly all the time. (To Adolf) It's all your fault. When I signed up it was on the understanding that it was all to be over quick and easy. But no, you had to make it global.

Adolf (furiously): What do you mean, all my fault. I didn't make the world round. If I'd been doing it I'd have fixed it perfectly flat. Then I could have pushed everybody off the sides and had the place to myself. I tell you, with me, there is only one principle, to strike and strike and strike again.

Pierre: Sure, Chief. And just like you said, we can't hope for big victories from week to week. We must fortify and defend ourselves.

Adolf: That's the idea. (Rising) Well I guess that's all. Except, by the way, I may move in on Corsica in a day or two.

Pierre: Just as you say Chief. Only I sort of half promised to cut Benito in on that.

Benito (sulkily): Oh, don't mind me. I'm just the Italian boot-boy.

Adolf (aloud, to himself): If the enemy thinks he can wear me down, he errs. I will fight through to unmitigated success without a thought of compromise. (From the door-way, to Pierre) About that Maginot Line job. Two metres of concrete did you say?

Pierre: Re-inforced with steel railings. Don't worry Chief. With a lot of canned goods and a sterno outfit you'll be set for weeks, maybe months.

Adolf: Well, get on with it then. . . Only on the strict understanding that there is at the head of the nation a man who would never dream of taking sanctuary in time of crisis. (Exit Adolf).

Benito (to Pierre): You going too? Well, so long, and don't take any wooden negotiation pacts.

Pierre: So long Benito. And don't go near any balconies.

CANDID CAMERA

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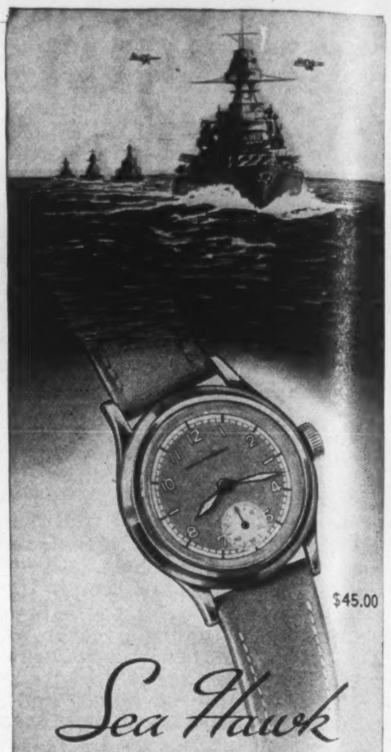

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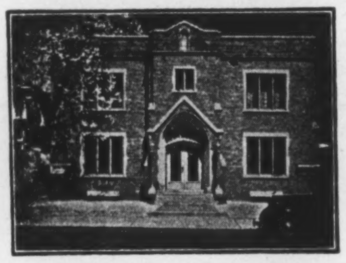

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SCIENCE FRONT

"Let Them Eat Grass"

BY DYSON CARTER

POOR Marie Antoinette's classic advice to the starving Parisians—that if the people had no bread they should eat cake—has been brought scientifically up to date by the Hitlerites. Goering's chemists are ready to tell famished Europe how to become super-vegetarians and live on a diet of grass, wood and leaves.

Unfortunately this is not just another planned brutality. It is now very probable that human beings can eat and digest a meal of hay and bushes, with a little biochemical assistance. Textbooks have always insisted that the human stomach could not assimilate those favorite foods of the cow and the beaver. But German research has mined that dogma and blown it sky high.

Nazi paratroops and raiding parties are said to be equipped for living off the countryside without benefit of field kitchens or emergency rations. Civilian populations could be put on the same basis. Grass and wood is abundant almost everywhere. So we face two disturbing possibilities. The Germans may have a military advantage of major importance, and they may be able to avert real famine in the occupied countries by turning the populations out to graze.

Is it all another Berlin hoax? Emphatically not. Our chemists can do it too. They can turn your stomach and mine into efficient grass and wood digesters. Revolting though it may be to think of sitting down to a meal of Timothy hay salad and fried spruce chips, still more nauseating is the method by which this feast is made agreeable to our innards. The chemists do it by feeding the prospective herbarian a heaping spoonful of a thick *syrup of germs.* A sort of elixir of microbes.

On this continent the investigations have been made by Dr. Gustav J. Martin and associates at the Warner Institute for Therapeutic Research, New York City. Here, very briefly, are the theory and results:

ALL animal stomachs, including man's, are swarming with germs. These microbes are normally the friendly bacteria, not fifth columnists of disease. They carry on complex and highly efficient bacteriological processes which convert raw food of many kinds into nourishing chemical solutions, to be carried by the blood to all parts of the body. The reason why cows can assimilate grass efficiently, and human beings cannot, is simply that cows have certain bacteria in their tummies and we haven't. The conclusion is equally simple. Get a culture of those bacteria growing in the human intestine.

We're getting ahead of ourselves. The American research into grass-eating has led up a bewildering alley. For some years it has been known that cows manufacture the B vitamins in their rumen, a part of the digestive tract. Bacteria of the right sort are the real manufacturers. Dr. Martin finds that in the human stomach one of the B's (pantothenic acid) stimulates the growth of bacteria which in turn produce another B vitamin (inositol). If you lack pantothenic acid you develop symptoms of that deficiency, plus symptoms of inositol deficiency. What symptoms? A combination of graying of the hair plus alarming hemorrhage of the adrenal glands. This, stripped of medical complexities, is nothing but the quick way to old age. Science is pretty sure right now that "Silver Threads Among the Gold" should have a verse in it imploring the loved one to take more vitamins B.

DR. MARTIN'S proposal is to feed human beings his variety of germ syrup (he has it in a chocolate flavored form) and at one stroke make us able to eat grass, foliage and sawdust, and also manufacture a complete set of B vitamins at all times, with inestimable good results. So far the experiments on men and women have not gone to the practical stage. Either that or the subject is in War Department files. You can safely bet on the latter.

If the Germans already are putting similar discoveries into use, will their research be able to keep Hitler's hair from turning gray? Events at Stalingrad and in Africa will be disturbing factors. But equally ominous are the signs that Germany and all Europe are developing a new anti-Axis internal front. Inside the Axis countries and inside the people. This front is not political or military. It is biochemical.

Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift and *Muenchener Med. Woch.* are two eminent German medical journals. Not given to reading horoscopes, these papers cannot see the future through the Fuhrer's rosy spectacles. According to copies received in London and America the triumphant march of Nazified medical science has twice lately been brought to a halt.

First, the much trumpeted "pep pills." By means of these the storm troopers had carried out superhuman feats of valor and endurance. Until on the Russian front and in Egypt the Germans met soldiers fortified with something more than amphetamine tablets. As the supermen's bodies piled up in sanitary ditches the Nazi medical officers were forced to look elsewhere for Aryan stamina.

MEANWHILE the casualty lists are not all being mailed from the eastern African fronts back to Berlin. Germany is sitting on time bombs loaded with the germs of various epidemic diseases. This is fact, not wishful thinking. From the two journals mentioned above an English doctor has extracted a significant medical news item. Compared to 1939, the 1941 average cases of diphtheria, scarlet fever, dysentery, whooping cough and tuberculosis in Germany have increased by three hundred per cent.

There is a similar increase in cases of food poisoning. Of course this is not a disease. Still, a very close connection between poor food and epidemics has recently been found. The connecting links are proteins and antibodies.

Proteins are taken into the body in the form of eggs, milk, meat, fish, cereals, nuts and other Free Nation tidbits. From a biochemist's viewpoint the proteins are really suppliers of amino acids, the food essences tagged with names like methionine, lysine, tryptophane, histidine and arginine. Now these proteins are chemically very similar to antibodies. The latter are mysterious substances in our blood that protect us against disease. We do not have to have a Ph.D. to appreciate that antibodies are probably manufactured inside us directly from the proteins we eat. This fact has been pretty well established by recent research. It is also established by the black statistics of war and epidemic death in Germany. During the World War the German people went for several years on a diet increasingly low in proteins. Dr. Paul R. Cannon, University of Chicago researcher, recently told the American Association of Immunologists that in 1917 Germans ate about one-third the amount of proteins required by normal bodies. About 800,000 people died under the Kaiser's regime as a result of semi-starvation caused by the Allied Blockade. Dr. Cannon believes that the situation in the Reich today is very similar. It is much worse in Belgium, the Netherlands, France, Denmark, Norway, Greece and Poland.

GERMAN doctors are better prepared now than in 1918 to cope with epidemic diseases. But their preparedness, many immunologists believe, is mainly theoretical. Large-scale vaccinations are effective only if the people have sufficient antibodies in their blood. And without proteins in one's diet the antibodies cannot be replenished. At a certain critical low level of antibodies in the whole population, epidemic disease begins to rise. It is rising now all over Europe.

Questions
PEOPLE ASK ABOUT
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MD-342

When Parachutes Were Born

BY W. G. NUTTALL

Though the modern parachute has been in use only some twenty-five years, the first parachute drop was taken as far back as the end of the eighteenth century. Yet airmen of the last war flew without them.

ALTHOUGH it is somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and forty-five years since the first parachute was used successfully, airmen of the Great War flew their machines without them. The parachute was not then regarded as a practical possibility for baling out, which may be a surprising reminder to many, considering the familiarity of this expedient for airmen and paratroops.

In view of the great number of years in which parachute experiment and parachute exhibition went on, it is also surprising that they should have been so slow of acceptance. One of the reasons was the strange prejudice against them until quite recent years. This may have been engendered by the atmosphere of danger encouraged by the parachute showmen of the past. Another reason was a more technical one. Suitable equipment for general aerial use had not been developed to the point of acceptance when the Great War came along.

Cocking's Parachute

You might date the modern parachute from a year or two prior to that conflict, but it was then very much in its infancy, and some years were to elapse before it became finally part of an airman's equipment.

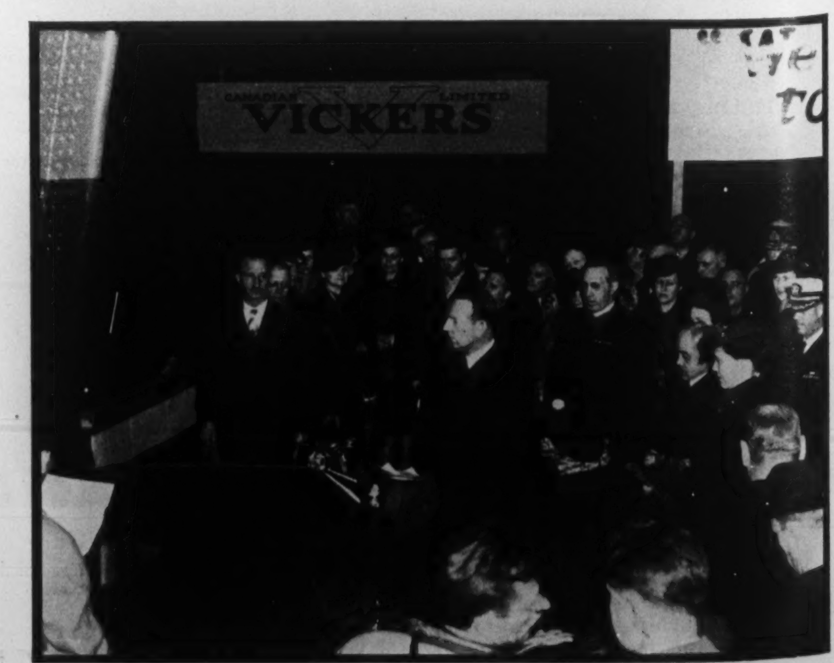
The Frenchman, Garnerin, was the first man to take a parachute drop. That was towards the end of the eighteenth century. There were others who followed his lead, taking risks with contraptions which were generally experimental, some of which it is now difficult to disassociate from that touch of rashness which so often surrounded pioneer constructions.

One, regarded as the strangest for years, was Cocking's. He attempted to overcome the wobble common to the early parachutes, and conceived a 'chute of the inverted umbrella type. Unfortunately he failed to make it strong enough, and was killed at the first fall. Yet his idea was not

(*Continued on Page 32*)

U.S.S. DANVILLE
U.S.S. DANVILLE
TAKE HER AWAY U.S.A.
GOOD LUCK FROM THE MEN OF
CANADIAN VICKERS
XVIII
XVII

Symbolical of the close relationship which exists between Canada and the United States: that was how Hon. J. Pierrepont Moffat, United States Minister to Canada, characterized the recent launching at Montreal of the U.S.S. "Danville", the first completed of several corvettes being built in Canada for delivery to the United States. The Canadian-made warship was built by Canadian Vickers Limited. Photos show: (above) the "Danville" ready to slip down the ways bearing a good-luck token from the workers who built her and (below) the United States Minister giving his address at the launching ceremony. Mrs. Moffat, who later christened the new ship, may be seen with officials at right of photo.



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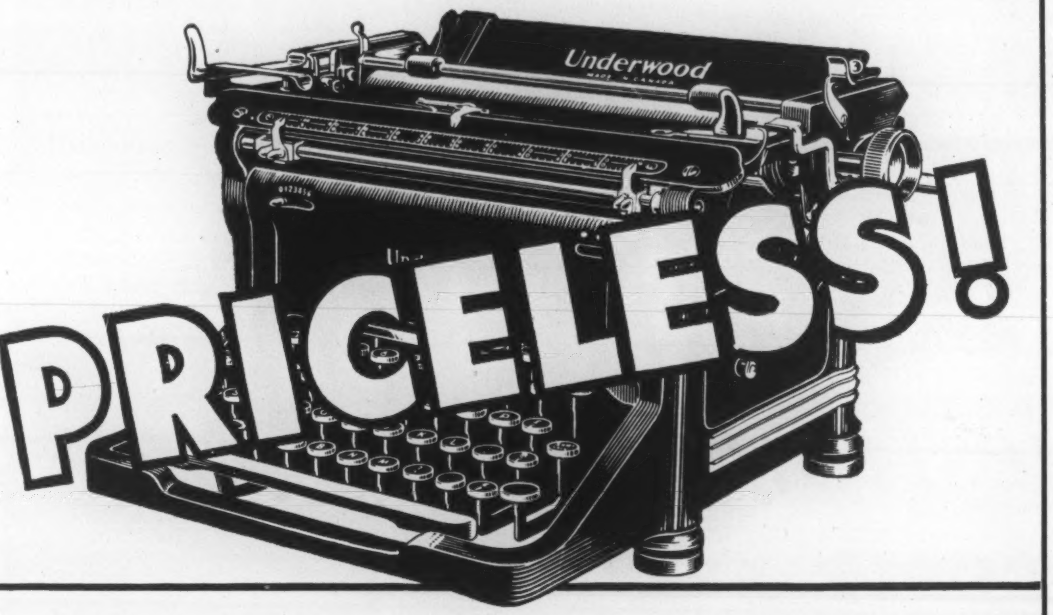

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CANADA OVERSEAS

"Eleanor," the V.C., and the King

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

THE alarm clock on this morning is by courtesy of Hermann Goering and Company. Howling Hannah sounds off under grey skies, and if this isn't persistent enough to get me up the sound of distant gunfire finally does the job. The all-clear adds to the glory of a five-inch bath which I measure by placing the index finger at the bottom of the tub and running water until it reaches the base of the thumb.

The breakfast waiter arrives with a miracle. He reaches carefully back of his tailcoat and comes up with one egg in good condition. This, he says, is my ration for the month and would I have it boiled, fried or scrambled. I instruct him to offer it to somebody undernourished, and that I will have the usual powdered eggs. This is no great sacrifice on my part because I am not gourmet enough to know the difference between fresh scrambled eggs and powdered scrambled eggs. So far as I am concerned they are equally dull on a plate.

Wrapped in a trench coat I proceed to a rendezvous to follow Mrs. Roosevelt on a tour of London.

IT IS a spirited experience to watch Mrs. Roosevelt in action in a brand new field. Her interest in people and their problems is completely absorbing. And here she has a brand new field, the blitz field, to investigate. She moves in and out of drab homes, talks to housewives, strokes the foreheads of innumerable babies, stops to ask a firewatcher about his experiences, and generally ignores the entourage which follows her.

There is nothing superficial about this great lady's interest in the people and the things she inspects. Her concern is genuine, and when a group of southern lads complain about the climate in England she follows through with searching questions until she learns that they lack thick socks. She promises something will be done about this.

The British press has gone overboard for Mrs. Roosevelt. So tremendous is the interest in her doings that Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, which purchased the exclusive rights to her daily column from England, has offered it to all other newspapers free of charge. So practically everybody in Britain is now digesting Eleanor Roosevelt's "My Day."

IT IS another dull morning—but a very great day. I proceed to Buckingham Palace to witness the decoration of the Dieppe heroes. A small crowd stands outside the gates as I wave my press invitation and push through. The King's Standard flies above the front balconies and I stop to regard it and to recall for a moment the history which has been made on this spot.

The inner courtyard is empty except for a police constable who conducts me to the proper entrance. The outer hall is lined with bearded and bemedalled Yeomen of the Guard. I walk between them gingerly until a Home Guard officer takes charge of me. He takes my coat (for which he gives me a check) and conducts me up a handsome staircase to an oblong room which is now filled with people. I am seated directly in front of a slightly raised platform on which the King will pin decorations on the Empire's heroes.

It is a handsome room, decorated in gold and crimson and lined with portraits of Britain's illustrious men and women of the past. A military band plays. A woman carrying a crying baby is shown to her seat in a far corner. Soon after Generals McNaughton and Crerar are seated in the front row. Vincent Massey is among the last to arrive. He sits beside General McNaughton. Some 500 persons have settled in the room. The high doors behind the platform are swung open, revealing a huge room lined with windows.

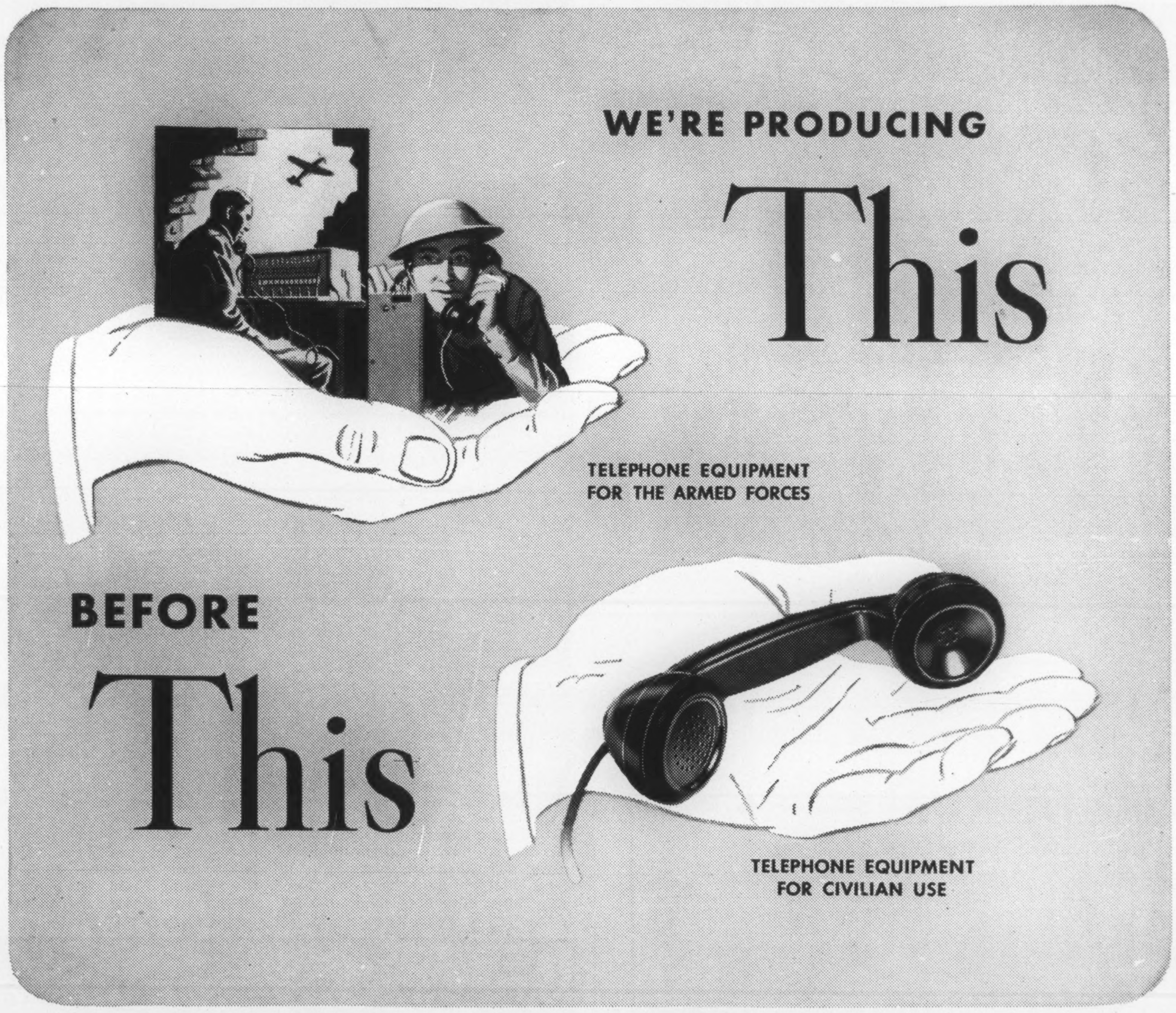
There is a moment's silence. Then out of the bright daylight of the room beyond the doors the King steps to the platform. He is accompanied by Lord Louis Mountbatten and the Lord Chamberlain. We rise at the first sight of the King. The band plays "God Save the King" and I note that the King stands easily at attention in contrast with Mountbatten who is stiffly erect. The notes of the anthem die out. The King looks intently at the throng, turning his head slowly from left to right. Then he says, "Please sit down, ladies and gentlemen."

The band strikes up a tune. The Lord Chamberlain reads the name of the first hero. The investiture is underway.

Captain Patrick Porteous, the Dieppe V.C., is first to receive a decoration. He has the added distinction of being the only hero whose citation is read before the King pins the medal on his tunic. The others step up quickly as their names are announced. As they come before the King they bow, then take one step forward. After the decoration has been presented they take one step back, bow and march off the platform.

The King converses briefly with each man he decorates. He has a rather long chat with Captain Porteous, Major General J. H. Roberts who commanded the military forces at Dieppe, with a 14-year-old A.R.P. messenger who receives a British Empire Medal for bravery, and with the dozen or so wounded who carried crutches or canes.

During the presentation a chair is placed beside me and I find sitting in it Captain Porteous, V.C., who has come back to the room to witness the remainder of the ceremony. I note his newly-won V.C. is the only decoration he has and I whisper to him he has hit the jack-pot on the first try.



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THE FRONT PAGE

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THE PUBLISHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT, *The Canadian Weekly*

THE HITLER WAR

The Odor From Algiers

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE Battle of the Central Mediterranean has only begun with the struggle for Bizerta and Tunis and the running of Rommel out of Africa. Both of these matters ought to be settled in fairly short order—say within two or three weeks. The next objectives will almost certainly be Sardinia and Sicily for our western forces, and Crete for the eastern. Only when these are in our hands can the Mediterranean be considered really open to our shipping again, with all the immense savings which that will mean.

Even then there will remain the constant threat of the U-boats, which took such a heavy toll of our shipping throughout the last war in these waters, too. The Straits of Gibraltar are, as it happens, too deep for the effective mine-screen technique which sealed the Straits of Dover as tight as a bottle after February 1918.

Some indication of the shoals of submarines which Hitler has already sent through Gibraltar, for what was probably hoped would be the greatest harvest in U-boat history when they got among our hundreds of transports and supply ships, has been given in the official claim that no less than 13 of these prowlers were destroyed during the first week. What the U-boats achieved we have not been told—except by Goebbels. But it was encouraging to hear Admiral Cunningham say that not a man had been lost on the way to North Africa.

If Hitler was counting on his U-boats to check us with a stiff delaying-action while he moved troops and air power into Tunisia, then it seems he is going to be disappointed. The fight for Tunisia looks rather like his "Greek campaign." We are moving down on him with an army which appears far more powerful than anything he can transport across the Central Mediterranean in time. He obviously hoped to establish strong air support on the excellent Tunisian aerodromes, but although many squadrons are reported to have been moved from the English Channel to the Central Mediterranean area, we appear to be more than holding our own.

In this Malta's Beaufighters have played a prominent part; and it seems that medium bombers from Egypt have even been used to blast the Tunisian aerodromes, refueling at Malta on each trip. Now that we have regained aerodromes on the hump of Cyrenaica, our Middle Eastern *Fortress* and *Halifax* squadrons can join in this. This will gain us a little time while we are moving all the paraphernalia of a heavy bombing force into Algerian bases.

Meanwhile our land forces are steadily closing in on Rommel from east and west, daily narrowing the segment of North African coastline still held by the Axis. At the time of writing it appears as though one of our striking forces assembled in Algeria may be cutting across the back of Tunisia on the Constantine-Gabès road, intent on reaching Tripoli ahead of Rommel.

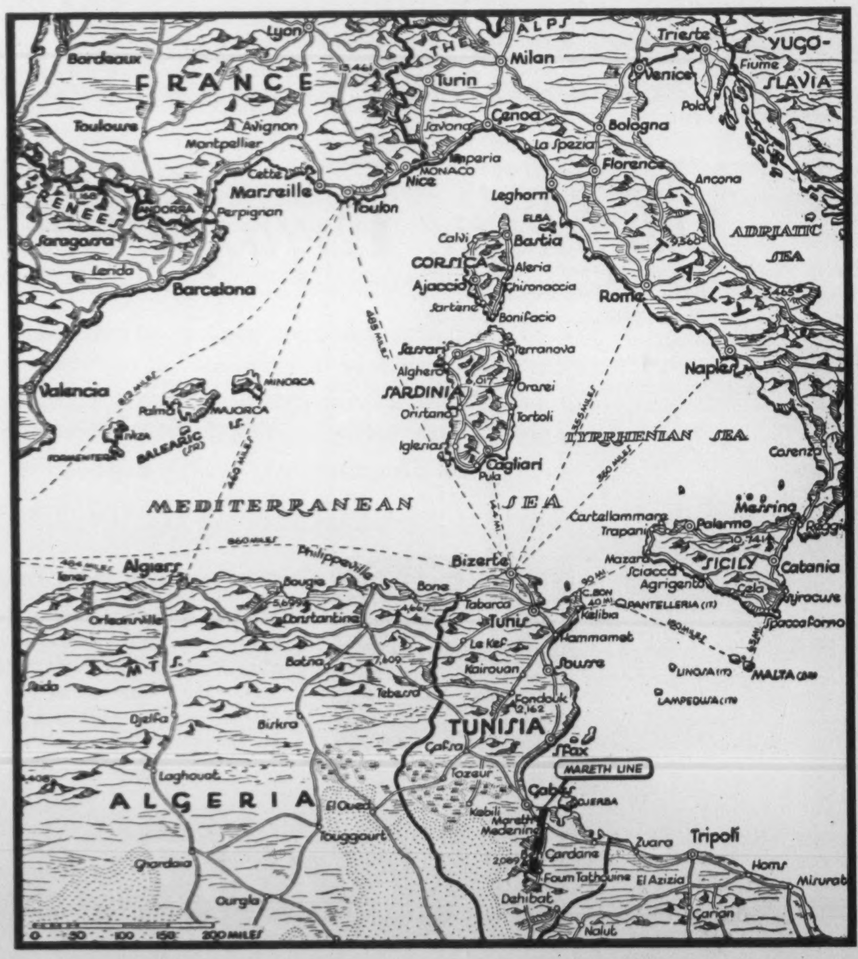
If this could be done, there would be an excellent chance of completely obliterating the remaining Axis Libyan forces. Having already given up Benghazi, they would have left only the tiny ports of Sirte, Misurata and Homs for an evacuation. They would probably get away few more than they could carry by air, and Malta is admirably situated to exact a heavy toll of such air transport.

Political Shadows

The military situation in North Africa has been almost over-shadowed in recent days, however, by the political developments. The military expediency which has decided the American command in favor of playing along with Darlan has taken on a stronger and stronger odor as such true French fascist types as Flandin, Pucheu and Bergery cluster around him to form a sort of new Vichy Government. With dismay and consternation one is forced to ask: "Is this the France that we are fighting to help liberate? Is this a policy which will call forth a great surge of energy and enthusiasm among the French people of North Africa, and of France?"

One can imagine the reasons advanced by General Eisenhower for making a deal with Darlan, in order to avoid such a shake-up as would be caused by handing over the internal administration suddenly to the Fighting French, at a time when all our attention is needed to finish the job in Tunisia and Tripoli. If one felt that that was all there was to it, one might be content to wait awhile for the "new deal".

But behind it there is the continued ignorance by Washington of the Fighting French Movement, and continued boasting of the value and smartness of its Vichy policy. I must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say, for myself, that I don't find the use of the American diplomatic service in North Africa as a Trojan Horse, or the sending of a general loaded down with gold, in a submarine, to bribe open the gates of Algiers, anything to boast about. These are the methods which we condemned so strongly when Hitler used them.

This war is more than a struggle for military advantage. If we do not make it a war for principle, then we will find, as sure as fate, that we have fought again in vain. The Fighting French have established their claim to represent the France that is worth restoring. They are the ones who did not stop to think where their pay was coming from, but risked all to carry on the fight. The leading resistance groups inside France have accepted de Gaulle as their leader. To ignore these people, and deal with the wretched Vichy left-overs is a disastrous policy.

In Our Rear, Darlan?

How dare we trust Darlan in our rear? Up to now he has done everything possible to hamper our victory. He ordered his fleet to fight us at Oran and Dakar, ordered resistance to us in Syria and Madagascar, and, no less than ten days ago, in North Africa. It was under his orders that French destroyers and submarines steamed out of Casablanca and Oran to torpedo our troopships. If our game with him was intended to bring the French Fleet out of Toulon to join us in North Africa, that hope must surely be abandoned now. The leadership of that fleet seems either completely inimical to us, or totally devoid of will-power.

Of Noguès, the commander of Morocco, and all the other senior French officers like him who were fighting us "for their honor" a few days ago, the best one can say is that they just don't understand what kind of a war is going on. Here the very life of their nation and of civilization is at stake, and they prate stupidly of an "honor" which demands that they resist us, and not the Germans.

As for Flandin, this former premier and foreign minister, he was notorious during the years immediately preceding the war as the loudest advocate of a deal with Hitler. Pucheu, as head of the Vichy police, hounded down de Gaullists and others whose crime was that they wanted to fight on for France. Gaston Bergery, waiting in Ankara for his invitation to join Darlan's "Government", was prominent as a go-between General Franco and his French supporters during the Spanish Civil War. An odoriferous crew, with whom it would be madness for us to deal.

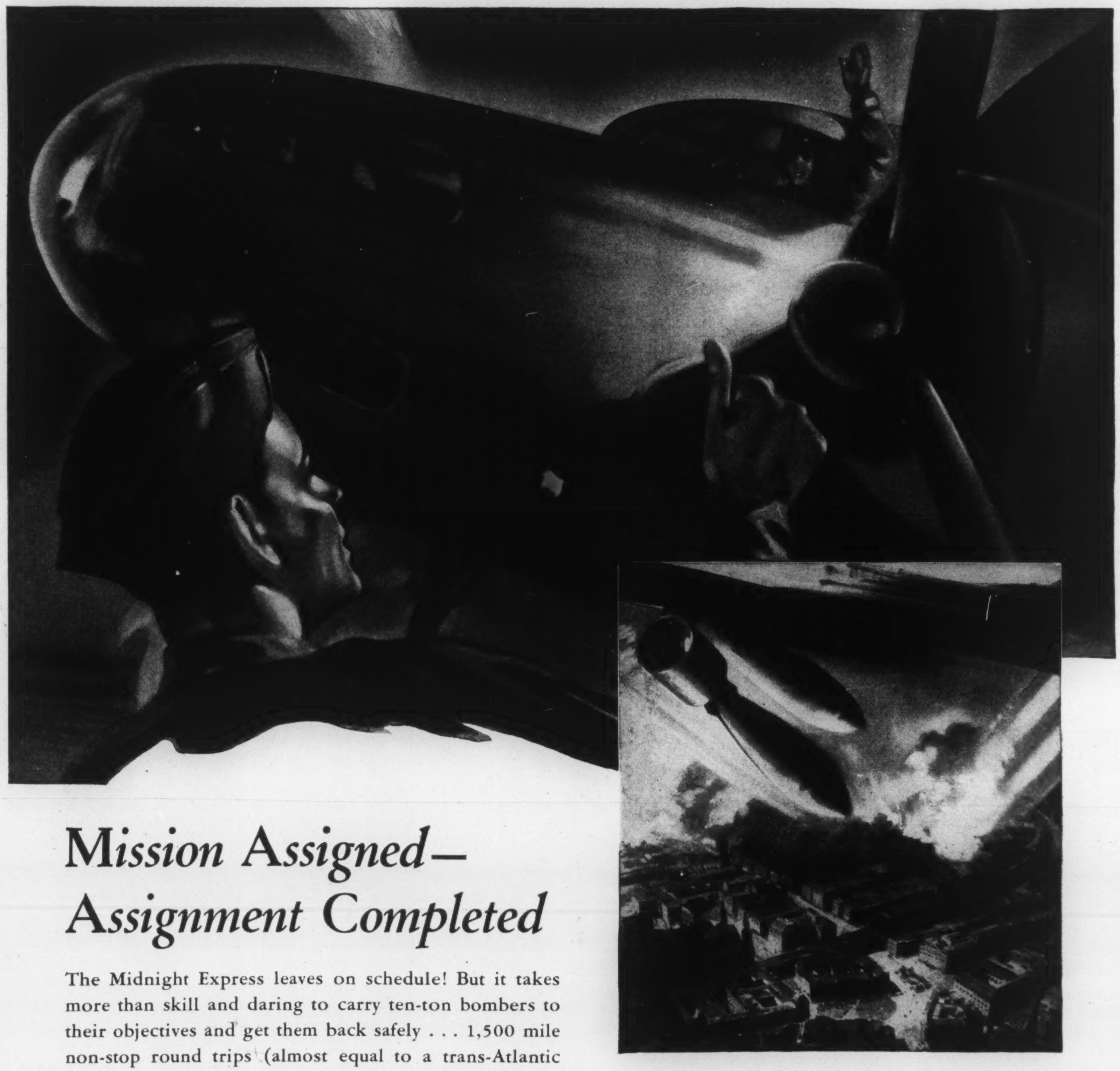
There is, happily, one bright spot in the North African picture, and that is the position accorded General Giraud, as head of all French armed forces there. It rather looks as though Washington were grooming him as their alternative to General de Gaulle, while London would like to bring these two heroic Frenchmen together. Giraud is, of course, much superior in rank to de Gaulle, but the latter has declared long ago that he would willingly serve under him.

To turn from this rather sour subject to glance far across to the other side of the world, there is another very satisfying American naval victory over the Japs in the Solomons. It is being acclaimed as the greatest of the war, but I feel that the virtual crippling of the Jap carrier force at Midway was the turning-point in the Pacific War, and doomed Japan's chances of winning it.

Carriers were notable by their absence from this latest clash in the Solomons. At least, the Japs had none there, which probably means that they have none left fit for service at the moment—as deduced in this commentary a fortnight ago. Lacking this primary target, the American forces slashed deeply into Japan's remaining cruiser strength, sinking three heavy and two light cruisers.

This must leave the Japs desperately short in this most useful category. Impossible as it is to put together an accurate summary of Jap cruiser losses from the claims of the U.S. Navy, U.S. Army Air Force, Australians and Dutch, it appears as though the Japs can now have left few more than 20 of the 50 cruisers of all ages and sizes with which they started the war. The Americans have 31 of their original 37 cruisers left, and are outbuilding the Japs by possibly four or five to one. Figures like these reveal why the Japs have sought repeatedly to force a naval decision this year, first in the Hawaiian area in June, and since August in the Solomons area.

Governor Gort takes a ride among the ruins of Malta. The Germans were quite right to try to destroy this advanced base of ours; it will play an increasingly important part in our Mediterranean operations.



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India Is Not a Nation, and Cannot Become One

BY F. FRASER HUNTER

Despite Mr. Willkie, India is not and cannot be "America's problem, or that of any other foreign power." For India is not a nation, is not a democracy, and is not composed of peoples who could by any conceivable constitutional arrangement become now a nation or a democracy.

The writer, Lieut.-Col. F. Fraser Hunter, D.S.O., Canadian-born officer (retired) of the Indian Army and now member of the Legislature for St. Patrick's division of Toronto, spent the best part of his life in India.

IN AN international broadcast from New York on the 26th of October, 1942, Mr. Wendell Willkie referred to India as "almost a symbol throughout the whole of Asia." Mr. Willkie further said, "Now I did not go to India, I do not intend to deal with that tangled problem tonight." Yet, for the next half hour of his valued time, the whole stress of his discourse, words listened to or read as profound wisdom by many millions, almost billions of people, was INDIA. He claimed India as a problem for the United States; in the same breath he spoke of the Philippines as a British problem. "If we fail to deliver by force of arms the independence we promised the Filipinos the whole Pacific would be the loser."

Immediately lesser lights throughout the world clamored for "re-opening of negotiations" concerning India. For example, the leader of the Canadian C.C.F. Party, the very next day after Willkie's broadcast, urged Mr. Mackenzie King to throw Canada's weight into a demand on Britain for the immediate re-opening of negotiations with the discredited Indian Congress Party. The mouthpiece of the as yet illegal Communist Party of Canada, and a host of others, well intentioned or otherwise but wholly ignorant, scream loudly for immediate "freedom for India."

What a pity Mr. Willkie did not go to India! A few hours in India, to such a brilliant mind, might have convinced him not only of the competence and sincerity of Great Britain, but that to use his own generality statement, "India is indeed one of the world's tough problems." An actual visit to India might have convinced Mr. Willkie that another of his statements, made as a vague generality, has particular application to India. "Not all the peoples of the world are ready for freedom or can defend it the day after tomorrow." In India Mr. Willkie might have added some facts concerning one-fifth of the human race to his lofty hopes for the freedom of all mankind on this globe. In India he would have realized the contradiction in his own words, "India is our problem" as opposed to "Our Western world with its presumed supremacy is on trial. Our boasting and our big talk leave Asia cold. Men and women in Russia, China and the Middle East are conscious now of their own potential strength. They have come to know that many of the decisions concerning the future of the world lie in their hands, and they intend that those decisions shall leave *each nation* free from foreign domination, free for economic, social and spiritual growth."

Mr. Gandhi, in an interview recently with an American correspondent, almost put the question of India today in a nut-shell when he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "If we cannot have freedom we infinitely prefer the British to you, (meaning America), the Germans, the Russians, the Japanese, or any other foreign power. Why, we have spent 168 years teaching the British how to rule us, and we don't intend to begin all over again with another foreign power."

British Invented "India"

For India is India's problem, and by the very word "India" that problem includes Great Britain. Until the British invented it there was no equivalent for the word "India" in any of her 222 languages. Fortunately for the preservation of every vestige of freedom enjoyed today by India, British determination to somehow completely free India was voiced a few weeks ago by Winston Churchill when he said, "We don't intend to quit India at anyone's request." I verily believe that every soul of India's teeming millions, on becoming aware of those words, heaved a sigh of relief. They should have taught Mr. Willkie and his kind that India never was, is not now, and never will be, America's problem, or that of any other foreign power.

The British neither want to, nor can, any longer rule India from Whitehall, whether under an Imperial, Colonial, or any other system. However, unless utterly destroyed in this war, Britain neither can nor will divest herself of any of the responsibility for her share in the make-up of India as it is today.

Some eleven years ago when Viceroy of India, Lord Irwin (now Lord Halifax, the British ambassador to the United States), speaking on self-rule, said, "Every country must perfect the spirit of its own constitution from its own being and traditions."

From the very dawn of recorded history until the coming of the British there was no continuity in the development of political institutions for a national life for India. India's peoples moved in a series of cataclysms, from one violent break with the past to another, each of which seemed to render more remote the emergence of true nationality. India is today a vast museum of peoples and religions representing every stage of human development, from the most primitive to the ultra-civilized types.

The tuition, as well as the errors, of British rule, combined with the circumstances of the past twenty-five years, have forced the articulate elements of India to adopt democracy as India's true political objective. The partnership of her sons with us in the first World War "to make this world safe for democracy", increasingly rapid industrialization, which progressively tore her agricultural peoples from the soil in which they were traditionally rooted and set them like Western democracies at tending machines; mechanization, speed, radio and aviation forced India's economy, and hence political thought, along the same materialistic lines as Western civilization, with disastrous results to traditional Indian idealism. Whatever the causes, India now simply has to awake, get in line, or find herself outside the comity of nations, politically, economically, and in any other sense. How to fit Indian "being and traditions" into a world democracy *that will work* is the problem.

Let us see then what actual *facts* are in India today. Just what do India and her peoples stand for? India covers an area of some 2,000,000 square miles, compared to 3½ millions for Canada. It is twenty times the size of Britain and larger than all Europe, without Russia. If one entered India at Dhanaskodi in the south one could travel 2,600 miles before reaching the famous northern exit, the Khyber Pass. Exclusive of

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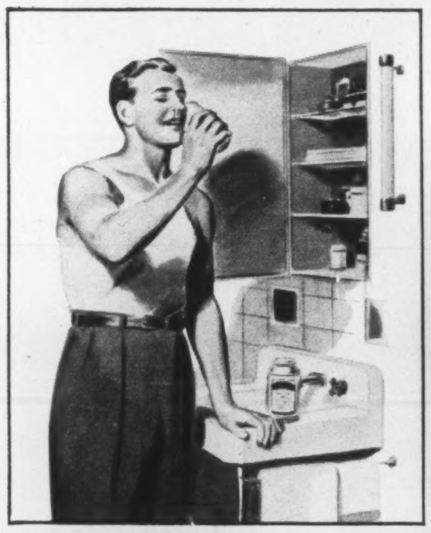

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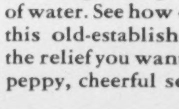

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British India, 600 Native States with an area of 700,000 square miles carry a population of 90 millions.

Some 222 distinctly different languages are spoken. Some think it is unfortunate that Canada has as many as two. The population of 400 million souls is divided roughly into three-quarters Hindus and one-quarter Moslems. Hindus, for over 3,000 years, have been divided into 2,300 irreconcilable castes. It would be safer and easier to ask the lamb to lie down with the lion than to induce a higher caste to forego any of its rights and privileges in favor of a lower. In theory the Mohammedan faith is an approach to a democracy, for before the One God Islam (the Moslem civilization) is a brotherhood of equals. Moslems and Christians alike believe in equal opportunity for all, whereas the whole system of Hindu policy is built up of segregation and special privilege for the few at the expense of the many. A Hindu majority, anywhere, politically, means rule by the Brahmin hierarchy, with all the tyranny to millions of the "depressed classes" or "Untouchables" that hideous system entails. It also means continuous aggression against Moslem, Sikh and Christian minorities.

There is even among those who have spent many years in India a grave misconception as to the real nature of the Hindu institution of "untouchability". The Hindu word for caste is "Varuna" meaning "Color", and, while there are grounds for the idea that racial or color prejudice was the cause of caste, whatever its origin in the remote past may have been, its persistence and profound hold on the Hindu mind today strikes at other and deeper roots that must be uncovered if one is to come to grips with it. There is no analogy to caste in any other part of the world, and the institution of untouchability has roots psychological, moral, metaphysical and religious—roots buried in those semi-articulate, elemental and psychological emotions of abhorrence, aversion and hatred towards certain horrible crimes, and the people who perpetrate them. In our Christian life the story of Adam and Eve being corrupted by the serpent in Eden probably causes in all of us the same shudder of horror when we suddenly see a snake.

Law of Retribution

According to a clever Hindu student of political science the Hindu attitude towards the Untouchable is not due to any unnatural hardness of heart or innate cruelty, but to a profound belief in the inexorable moral law of retribution, and to a belief in re-incarnation. In the Hindu view there is no room for escape from the consequences of one's actions through any back door of forgiveness here or hereafter, but the consequences of actions good as well as bad must be endured. People are born into this world with their nature, status, endowments and opportunities absolutely fixed with mathematical accuracy in accordance with the quantity and quality of their "kharma" or actions in previous embodiments. The consequences of evil pursue the doer beyond physical death, compel rebirth in lower and more degrading forms until they are all expiated. Similarly the consequences of good done pursue the doer beyond physical death and determine rebirth in higher and more favorable forms, which he has earned by sheer merit.

The Untouchables, 50 millions of them, Hindus, all looked upon by the remaining 250 millions of Hindus as "less than the dust," would rather die a thousand deaths than accept freedom from a Hindu majority. Moslems, 80 millions of them (largely with fighting traditions) with centuries of Hindu aggression in mind, dream of a solid Moslem block of the six Northern provinces, called Pakistan; perhaps, too, long for an all green belt (green is the color of the Moslem standard) from the Atlantic to half way across China, under the gleaming scimitar of Islam. Moslems will resist to the death domination by the Hindu Congress Party of today, or any other Hindu group of tomorrow. The Sikh warriors, 7 millions, of perhaps the finest fighting material in the world, who once, like the Moslems, proudly ruled India, will never submit to rule either by the Hindus or the Moslems, from both of which to this day they have reason to expect little mercy.

Yet each of these conflicting communal groups would welcome American, British, Russian, or any other powerful help to force freedom upon India, provided their particular group do the forcing. The problem in the Philippines is to deliver by force of arms against alien Japan freedom to a politically homogeneous race. Once the Jap is out of the way the thing is done. In India force of arms would need to be used to massacre into freedom from 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 innocent and sterling Indians. No army should, would, or could undertake such a task.

India Fears "Freedom"

India fears, with an understandable fear, freedom such as might result from "negotiations" with the thoroughly discredited Congress Party because these negotiations might possibly substitute a privileged Hindu Congress instead of the British as referees of fair play for all. Even the members of the Congress Party themselves hold that fear, for they know that without British force as the source of all policy India would be a shambles which would make the casualties of both Axis and Allied Powers combined look like fleabites.

How it will all work out no man today may say. My own advice, given many years ago, was to begin where our own parliamentary traditions began—at the little Panchayets, or village Councils—that is, at the bottom, and work to the top. From this foundation of the real India go on to the District Boards, similar to our County Councils, thence to Provincial Parliaments, and finally the Central or Federal Government. During this period of political development and tuition the British to guard the balance of fair play for all.

How, in the face of already vested interests, represented by already organized political parties, supported by communal groups, such a plan could succeed at this late date is anybody's guess. The Montagu so-called reforms of 1919 let the horse out of the stable by starting at the top and forgetting all about the common men and women, who are the real India, at the bottom.

For the heart of this real India, hundreds of millions of sterling citizens, who are our own Aryan forebears, is sound, and so far as this war is concerned, they will see it through. One million and a half of India's gallant sons, have, for three years now, been fighting along with us against the common foe, their strength being added to by seventy thousand volunteer recruits each month. Nearly 90 per cent of all the war materials used east of Suez, by the sea and land forces of any of the allies, are now being produced in India.

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The private station has a vital place in Canadian broadcasting, which would suffer severely if they were driven out of existence, says Mr. Sedgwick, who has been for some years General Counsel for the Canadian Association of Broadcasters.

The private station gives elasticity, independence and variety to the radio set-up, and has contributed largely to the present strength of the system.

A Defence of Competition in Radio

BY JOSEPH SEDGWICK

THINKING of broadcasting and its critics, one is reminded of the remark attributed to the late Knute Rockne. It was just before game time—the teams were on the field and the stadium was packed. One of Rockne's assistants remarked on the capacity crowd, and Knute, looking around the stands, said ruefully "Yes, fifty-thousand people and every damn one of them a quarterback". To put it differently, everybody has two businesses, his own and radio.

Since the report of the 1942 Parliamentary Committee, the amateurs of broadcasting have had a field day, running the C.B.C. or running it down, by means of Letters to the Editor, speeches, articles and whatnot. One can't reply to all of them, nor need one, but the latest contributor, a gentleman writing for the press under the name of R. B. Tolbridge (which may *be* his name for all I know), strikes a new note. His article, entitled "Sabotaging the C.B.C.", suggests that the villain of the radio piece is the independent station operator, and he ends his tale with the charge that "the governors and management of the C.B.C. have failed to safeguard the Two Freedoms which it was established to protect—freedom from the encroachment of private interests on the one hand, and freedom from political influence on the other".

Resisting political influence is admittedly difficult for a corporation that is an emanation of the Crown, and whose chief officers depend for appointment and pay on government favor, but that difficulty will be increased, not diminished, if Mr. Tolbridge's advice is followed and all broadcasting in Canada is taken over by the government or its creature. However, not being in any position to interfere politically with the C.B.C., I know little about that jeopardized "Freedom", but I do know considerable about the supposed "encroachment of private interests", and the time has probably arrived when the public too should know something about private radio in Canada—what it is, how it exists and what service it performs.

Private Pioneers

Historically, private radio pioneered Canadian broadcasting. Private enterprise sought broadcasting licenses when they were going begging. Without a penny of subsidy from government (and so without any cost to the taxpayers) individuals across Canada, many of them merely enthusiastic amateurs, laid the foundations of broadcasting in this country. They put up the original transmitting stations, they bought the equipment, they put on the air the best programs they could procure, and they did this at a time when radio advertising was virtually unknown, and when the operation of a station was almost certain to cost the operator money. Like all pioneers, their reward was in hopes for the future. Admittedly, in the early days they did a pretty crude job measured by modern standards, but to make such a comparison is like judging a 1910 automobile against a 1942 model. It is only fair to say however that the stations of the early days, low-powered as they were and situated mostly in the better populated areas, did not serve all of Canada, and with their insignificant revenue from advertising they could not do as much as they would have wanted for Canadian talent.

Thus there was, and there is, a place for government subsidized radio, and admittedly broadcasting in this country has tremendously improved since the establishment in 1936 of the C.B.C. But a great deal of the credit for the progress made belongs to the private stations; their talent has been contributed unstintingly to the whole, and what we have today is the result of the co-operation of C.B.C. with the private interests, and, what is equally important, the competition of those interests with C.B.C. for talent and for audience. In the show business (and radio is part of the show business) competition is very much the life of the trade. No monopoly of entertainment ever did or ever can succeed.

The C.B.C. Set-up

Let us examine C.B.C. for a moment. The corporation owns and operates ten stations in Canada. They are, from East to West, with their power:—

	Watts
CBA—Sackville, N.S.,	50,000
CBJ—Chicoutimi	100
CBV—Quebec	1,000
CBF—Montreal	50,000
CBM—Montreal	5,000
CBO—Ottawa	1,000
CBL—Toronto	50,000
CBY—Toronto	1,000
CBK—Watrous, Sask.	50,000
CBR—Vancouver	5,000

But the basic C.B.C. network, which carries the Corporation's programs consists of thirty-five stations, the remaining twenty-five being privately owned and operated. These stations cost the tax payers of Canada nothing. They receive and re-broadcast the C.B.C. sustaining features without charge or payment; they broadcast C.B.C. commercial programs, and in such case they divide the commercial charge for their time

MOBIL-IZE YOUR MOTOR *for Winter*

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Mobiloil gives quick, effortless starting. This free-flowing oil surges instantly to moving parts, prevents dry, metal-to-metal wear. At normal driving temperatures, bearing surfaces are protected by a tough, oily film that heat can't break down. For economy and peak performance all winter long, change now to winter Mobiloil.

Listen in every Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs., 10 P.M. E. W. T.—Blue Network—to
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Internationally Famous News Analyst

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with the Corporation. And when not engaged in broadcasting C.B.C. programs, commercial or sustaining, they put on the air their own programs, using local talent as it is available, and frequently finding and developing such talent. For all kinds of radio talent and technicians, the private stations are the great feeders to C.B.C. Most of the big names in Canadian radio started their career on a non-C.B.C. station; indeed the Corporation, broadcasting nationally for the most part, cannot experiment, and must take those who have learned their job and proven their worth on local stations. Many of the best programs now or lately on the national network, e.g.

The Promenada Concerts
The Hockey Broadcasts
Chuhaldin's Singing Strings
The Opera House of the Air
Treasure Trail
Claire Wallace's "They Tell Me"

were originated by private stations and went C.B.C. after they had established an audience. Most of these programs started as sustainers, produced at the station's own expense and being sold to advertisers when they became known and successful.

That is the function of the private station, to explore and experiment. Of course, these stations are commercial. They sell their time to advertisers, when they can, and they must sell considerable time or they will go out of business, as the private stations have not a dollar of revenue other than advertising revenue. Unlike the newspapers they have no circulation revenue, and not a penny of the $2.50 license fee is paid them; as has been pointed out, some of them do get the C.B.C. sustaining programs free, and that is the extent to which they are assisted. But some forty-nine of the private stations in the country get little, even of program assistance from C.B.C., as being in areas where they compete with the Corporation's owned or affiliated stations, they do not carry its programs except occasionally and in unusual circumstances. So the next time you criticize some program on your local station that is not to your liking, remember two things—firstly, no entertainment was ever devised that could please everybody; secondly, it costs you nothing, and if you don't like it you can tune it out and try the competing C.B.C. program. At least, the present system of competition between the private interests and the C.B.C. does give you variety and choice.

Advertising Support

"But," I can almost hear some reader saying, "can't we have broadcasting without advertising?—I don't like my entertainment mixed up with commercial plugs". Well, as things stand on this continent, I am afraid radio without advertising would be very different from, and very inferior to, the broadcasting that we have known. Advertising has made radio in America the bright, topical, attractive entertainment that it is today. The advertiser must ultimately be right; he must build a program that appeals to people, otherwise he is wasting his money—and no advertiser can stay in business who doesn't get value for his advertising dollar. The advertiser must build up a favorable re-action to his product, and therefore to his program, and in the long run he must cater to public taste and eliminate such advertising as is offensive. For after all, radio advertising is getting better; it isn't nearly as pointed and inept as it was a few years ago, and given a fair chance it will continue to improve. Most reasonable people will agree that listening to a commercial announcement for a few seconds is not much to pay when you get Fibber McGee & Molly, or Lux Radio Theatre, or American Album of Familiar Music, or Fred Allen thrown in. Indeed, most of the people who compare B.B.C. with American radio to the disadvantage of the latter can never have had much experience with B.B.C. (which of course carries no advertising). An Englishman who is a fairly competent observer of both systems, J. B. Priestley, said recently "Perhaps you do not want to hear advertising on the air. Neither do I. But, on the other hand I would rather hear Jack Benny, even if he has to mention the product of his sponsors, than hear any of our not very brilliant hours of variety."

Neighborly Tunes

And anyway, with an invisible frontier between Canada and the United States and with the majority of our population situated very close to that frontier, no wit of ours can shut off commercial programs from Canada so long as the American stations carry them and our people desire them. Radio is audience; and audience listens to what it likes, regardless of who originates the program. If our stations (C.B.C. and private) stopped carrying the big American shows and relied entirely on their own productions, that would only mean a diminishing and indeed almost a vanishing audience for Canadian stations, and an augmented audience for the nearest American ones. The air waves cannot be stopped at international boundaries.

Bearing all that in mind C.B.C. has adopted the sensible attitude. It has brought to our people the best American programs, commercial and sustaining, and it has thus built up an audience for its own programs, the best that our radio talent can produce, but still not comparable to the big American shows which are able to afford talent beyond our means. It has brought the Canadian audience back to Canadian stations; it has been fair to the Canadian advertiser by permitting him to use radio about as his U.S. competitor is allowed to use it and it has encouraged the private stations to compete with it, knowing that by free and fair competition all radio broadcasting is improved.

"This Freedom"

For years we of the democracies have prided ourselves upon our free press. More important today than ever is that freedom but not less important is a free radio. That there should exist, alongside the Government subsidized and controlled radio, competing stations that, like the press and magazines, owe their revenue to private, not public interests, is something to cherish. Such a system ensures that all voices will be heard that all reasonable opinions and arguments will be presented, and that broadcasting will never get far away from the people it serves. Government monopoly of radio has never succeeded except in the totalitarian countries, and God forbid that we should take them as our models. Even in England, before the war, there was competition for audience from private stations. Radio Luxembourg and Radio Normandy, while situated on the continent, were commercial stations broadcasting principally to England, in English, competing with the B.B.C. monopoly and doing so very successfully. After the war, unless England permits competition within its borders (and there are many indications that it will do so) it can again look forward to competition from without.

But here in Canada we have devised a system that may well serve as a model for the world. On the one hand, a Government controlled system, or should one say a publicly owned system, not mainly dependent on commercial revenue and therefore able to do more cultural but commercially unprofitable programs, and on the other hand, competing with it but in no sense displacing it, a purely commercial system, responsive completely to the public taste. Out of the two systems, not opposed and essentially a whole, will emerge, is already emerging, a pattern of broadcasting that will I venture to think be widely copied in the postwar world or in so much of it as is free.

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FORMAL
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MORNING SUITS
DINNER JACKETS
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For the Entire Wedding Party
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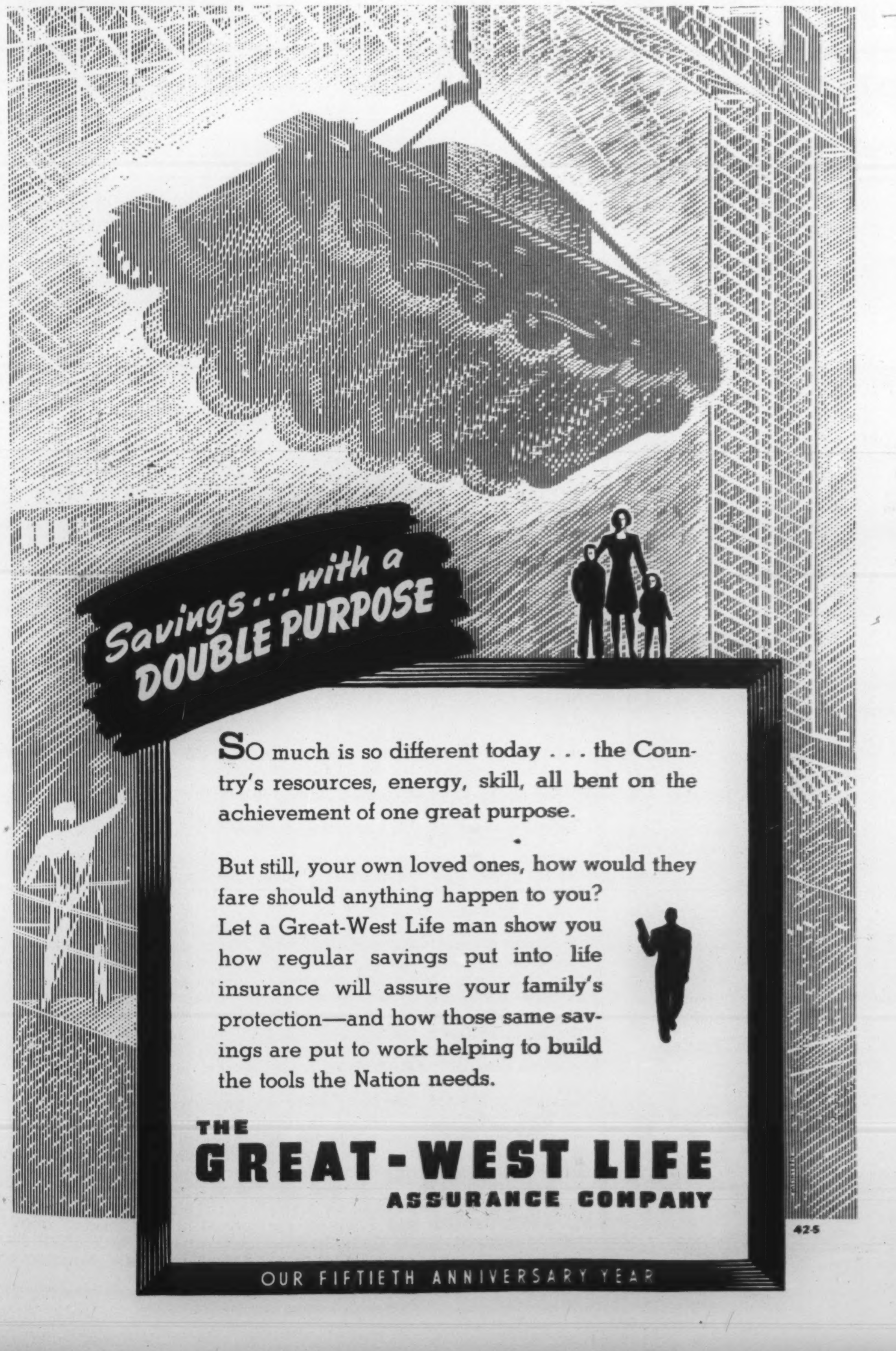
Savings... with a DOUBLE PURPOSE

So much is so different today . . . the Country's resources, energy, skill, all bent on the achievement of one great purpose.

But still, your own loved ones, how would they fare should anything happen to you? Let a Great-West Life man show you how regular savings put into life insurance will assure your family's protection—and how those same savings are put to work helping to build the tools the Nation needs.

THE
GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
425
OUR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

HOW TO RELIEVE
SORE
THROAT
FROM A COLD
ALMOST
INSTANTLY
Fast ASPIRIN Method Millions Now Use

1. For Sore Throat from a cold, dissolve 3 Aspirin Tablets in 1/3 glass of water and gargle to ease pain and rawness.
2. To Relieve Headache, body discomfort, aches, take 2 Aspirin Tablets with a glass of water. Repeat in 2 hours.
3. Check Temperature. If you have a fever and it does not go down, if throat pain is not quickly relieved, call your doctor.

Follow 3 steps shown in pictures
Get really quick relief . . . Feel better almost at once!

Here is a fast way science has discovered to ease raw sore throat from a cold. For almost at once the Aspirin gargle described above starts easing the pain and rawness. You feel better almost instantly. And the Aspirin you take internally relieves the aches and pains of your cold at the same time.

Try this way to get quick, effective cold relief. See why Aspirin is rated one of the fast and safest reliefs for cold pains.

Aspirin made in Canada, is the trade-mark of The Bayer Company, Limited.

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WARNING! This cross appears on every Aspirin Tablet

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What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O'D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.
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SATURDAY NIGHT,
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ROBINTEX
Regd. Trade Mark

THE RIGHT WAY TO CLOTHES ECONOMY

BUY QUALITY - THE ONLY REAL AND LASTING ECONOMY

Do not let doubts and fears induce you to overbuy. Remember that ROBINTEX Quality Suitings and Coatings last a long time.

ASK YOUR TAILOR FOR (34)

ROBINTEX SUITINGS

GUARANTEED BRITISH MANUFACTURE

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Professor Scott and Englishmen

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THAT very able polemist, Professor Frank Scott of Montreal, recently addressed the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT in these terms: "It may be difficult for you, as an Englishman resident in Canada, to understand how some Canadians can advocate for Canada a policy based on an independent estimate of what is needed to save humanity." Since this weekly has for a long time past been engaged in advocating that very thing, the reason for this imputation is not very clear to us; but it is entirely clear that Professor Scott distrusts the capacity of "Englishmen resident in Canada" to assist in, or even to desire, the formulation of any specifically Canadian policy. And on that point we have to take issue with him. We do not admit that all "Englishmen resident in Canada" are by their Englishry alone debarred from contributing to a true Canadianism.

Let us begin by expressing our regret that the fact that Professor Scott was making a personal reference, applicable to us alone, prevented him from making clear the general principle upon which he divides those who can understand the need for a Canadian policy from those who cannot. There are not only native Englishmen resident in Canada; there are also native Scotsmen, Welshmen and North Irishmen, to confine ourselves strictly to the people of the countries which elect the British House of Commons, and which are therefore responsible for the "economic exploitation" and "domination" of the British Empire to which Professor Scott elsewhere refers. Is it because the present writer was born and for a few years lived in a United Kingdom constituency that Professor Scott would debar him? In that case the bar extends also to all native Scotsmen, Welshmen and North Irishmen now resident in Canada.

But we are not sure about this. A few lines further down Professor Scott avows a desire to eliminate "Anglo-Saxon domination" from the British Empire. This is quite another matter. The Scots, the Welsh and the North Irish are generally supposed to be Kelts rather than Anglo-Saxons; so it may be that they are all right. We cannot tell. At the time when we came to Canada, many years ago, there were supposed to be signs posted up in many of the places where seekers for employment resorted, reading "No English need apply." It was our belief that this attitude had rather died down in recent years, but perhaps it has merely been dormant and is now due for revival.

AND yet, can it be our Anglo-Saxonism, rather than our birth within the confines of the United Kingdom, that is the real cause of Professor Scott's distrust? A little further on in his letter we read that "To base any political decision on race is a form of mental immaturity; there are no good or bad races in the world." Well, that seems to let us out so far as being English *by race* is concerned; and if so it must be our "British" origin, our having belonged to the political unit which is responsible for what he has perhaps hastily called "Anglo-Saxon domination"—meaning merely United Kingdom domination, in which I can assure him the Scots of Scotland have no small hand whether they are Anglo-Saxon or not—that has earned us Professor Scott's suspicion. We were born among the dominators; we shall therefore seek to maintain their domination, even when we have ceased to be either of or among them; that must be his line of reasoning.

And yet we must still read a little further. Eight lines below we find Professor Scott stating: "I want to eliminate, *as the best elements in England want to eliminate,* the last relics of economic exploitation and Anglo-Saxon domination from the British Empire." And here at last we come, we think, to the true explanation of the mystery — an explanation which clears up what at first rather surprised us, namely the fact that Professor Scott himself is in Canadian politics the follower, and a very prominent and active follower, of an Englishman resident in Canada, Mr. M. J. Coldwell. It is not a matter of race; it is not even a matter of place of birth; it is a matter of good and bad elements. What Professor Scott really wanted to say about us, but was perhaps too polite to do so, was that we "as an Englishman, not of the best elements in England, resident in Canada," are incapable of understanding how he can feel as he does. At that point the question becomes unsuitable for further discussion, and we have to lay down our pen. . .

PROFESSOR SCOTT, however, also accuses us of misrepresenting his views on the nature of the Second World War in 1939. Let us admit at once that what he was discussing in his famous *Canadian Forum* article was the Quebec attitude towards the war, which he was doing his best to represent as a natural reaction to "Imperialism." Following a paragraph on the mixed motives of the Union Government coalition of 1917, and the subsequent spread in English-speaking Canada of the view that conscription for overseas service was "a bad mistake which ought not to be repeated," he goes on:

"Then came World War II. From the point of view of Quebec, what had changed? At the outset, very little. The conflict started as a European war: England and France against Germany. The Tories were running England. Should Canadians be conscripted for that? Everyone agreed they should not. Not another country in this hemisphere considered the issue at that time a life and death struggle between democracy and tyranny."

These are all self-evident statements; their interest lies in their correlation, and Professor Scott assures us that their correlation is in the French-Canadian mind, not in his; it is the Quebec point of view, not his own, that he is setting forth. It is, he says, Quebec that feels that you cannot conscript Canadians for a war in which Canada and England are jointly engaged, if the Tories happen to be "running England." But to do Quebec justice, we do not think we have ever seen any member of the Quebec majority arguing that the nature of the Government of "England" had anything to do with the question of conscription in Canada, and we doubt whether most of that majority know or care much to what party that Government belongs, or would change their views about Canadian conscription no matter what party should come into power at Westminster. (Certainly Sir Stafford Cripps as Prime Minister would be no help.)

WE ARE convinced that Professor Scott is reading into the French-Canadian mind a lot of his own feelings about British parties, and our objection to these feelings is that he makes the political character of the British Government more important than the fate of the British nation. It is all right in times of peace for a Canadian politician—Professor Scott will not mind our calling him a Canadian politician—to express a vigorous opinion about a British political party, though it usually causes trouble when a British politician says anything frank about a Canadian political party; but we doubt the wisdom, and even the purity of motive, of a Canadian politician who systematically criticizes a British Government in time of grave and dangerous war.

The present well-organized campaign to represent the policy of the Government of the United Kingdom in India as tyrannical, exploiting and obstructive to a potential true democracy seems to us dangerous and un-Canadian when carried on by a Canadian, dangerous and un-American when carried on by an American. Both the Willkie Republicans and the Canadian C.C.F. may think they see in it a means of attaining to power in their own respective countries, but their use of it may so seriously weaken the unity of the United Nations that there may be no Canadian or American democracy left for them to come to power in.

In any case, neither Mr. Willkie nor Professor Scott has any responsibility for India in the sense in which the people of Great Britain have. And Mr. Willkie and Professor Scott would be greatly, and rightly, annoyed if political leaders in Great Britain, also seeking to make capital for their parties, were to betray a sudden interest in the degree of democracy extended, let us say, by Canada to its Indians and Eskimos, and by the United States to its Indians and the Negroes.

AND reverting once more to the question of birth-place,—if we, as a native of England, cannot express a valid view about the policies of Canada, is it certain that Professor Scott, as a native of Canada, ought to express so many and so vigorous views about the policies of Britain?—Unless, of course, it is entirely a matter of belonging to the best elements.

And one more point: Let us assure Professor Scott that in spite of being born in England we are legally a Canadian; that we carry a Canadian passport; that if there were any formal procedure by which a native of England could be made into a Canadian citizen we should have undergone it at least forty years ago; and that he has no more right to talk about us as "an Englishman resident in Canada" than he would have had to talk about Sir John A. Macdonald as a Scotsman resident in Canada.

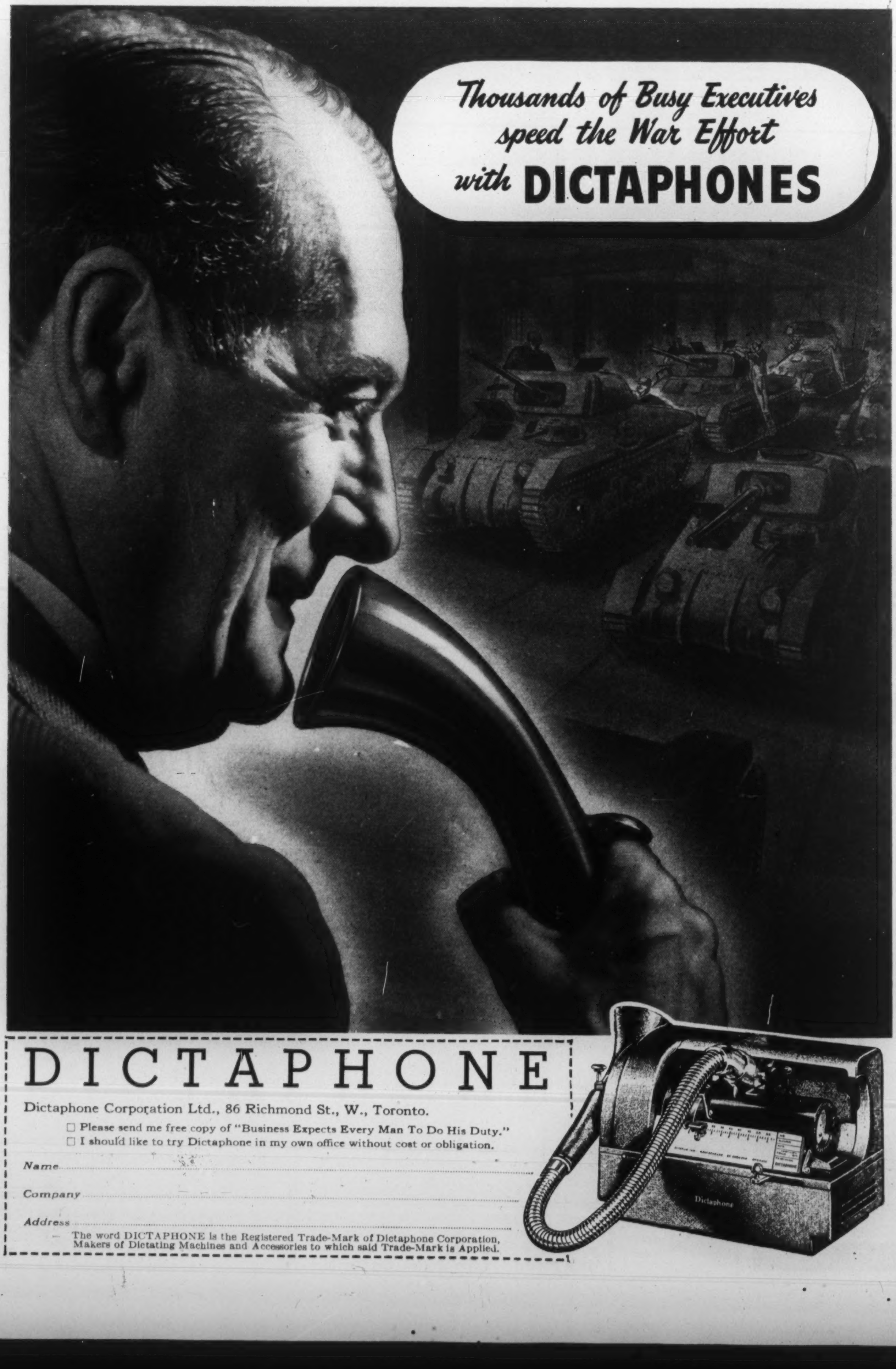
WHITE SUMMER

WITHOUT the glaring white of June,
The scalding sun, the blazing blue,
A day so sheathed and folded in,
So white as this is summer's too.

The sheeted sky, low-hung and cool,
Covers with milk the level bay,
Where resting gulls with their white heads
Turn whiteness round them into gray.

The single sail that dares the calm
Between white water and white sky
Slacks from the mast and nothing moves
Until the shrill gulls lift and fly.

MARY QUAYLE INNIS.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THIS WEEK IN RADIO

"Answering You" on Dieppe

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

ONE of the most interesting of all radio programs is the BBC Sunday program called "Answering You". By answering the questions in the minds of a great many people in North America, this program does a useful thing in clarifying current issues. Recently a Canadian wrote to the BBC as follows: "Many people here say the Dieppe raid was not worth while. The casualties as recently published in Canada were too heavy for the results achieved. There have been no further raids; consequently we wonder whether it was worth while? Were the results achieved sufficient to justify the cost?"

Vernon Bartlett, M.P., was chosen to answer this particular question. Here is his reply. It is given here because the only other Britisher to have publicly commented on the Dieppe raid was Winston Churchill.

Mr. Bartlett said: "I'll try to give you an honest reply. It is quite true the Dieppe raid was not an unqualified success, but I would suggest that if you look at the war as a whole there can't be any doubt that it was well worth while, although a lot of gallant men did lose their lives. What I mean is, those lives weren't wasted. Let me tabulate the gains as I see them, but let me remind you that I'm not a military expert.

"First, we have learned that we can land forces on enemy territory—which is more than the Germans have done to us—and what's still more difficult, of course, we can get them away again. Second, we must sooner or later try out our plans in practice. No amount of talking things over in Whitehall will let us know to what extent the three Services, for example, can combine when it comes to the real thing. We are always saying or hearing that German generals have the advantage of much more fighting experience, and without wanting to sound callous you can't wage war, or even train yourself adequately to wage war, without loss of life. Third, the raid compelled the German Luftwaffe to show fight, and it's very important now for us to inflict as many losses as we can on the Luftwaffe, because after all it is the airplane which is Germany's most effective weapon against the Russians. Sorry to go on with this list, but there are two other little things. I believe that the really valuable result of the raid is the psychological result—the effect on us, knowing that we can land in France. And the effect on the Germans? The raid began, for example, with an air bombardment; well now, every time we bomb a piece of coast, its garrison must wonder whether it's a preliminary to a landing, and more of that garrison must remain above ground in case it is. And, most important of all, there must be the revision of defence schemes all the way from Norway to the Bay of Biscay; sentries have to be doubled, soldiers guarding territory, though they know they're hated like poison anyhow, and those soldiers become more nervous and jumpy. No, I've really got no doubt at all in my own mind that the raid was fully justified by its results."

I WISH some authority in radio broadcasting would explain why radio announcements have to be "dramatized" always. Why couldn't an announcement be made simply, quietly, sincerely, as if the person making it really meant it? A lot of people are getting sick of these dramatic stunts. After the first five hundred of them, they haven't any meaning. It's a mystery how they sell anything. They don't inform. They go into one ear and out the other.

Straightforward announcements on Canada's war effort, explaining the primary jobs citizens can do right now, how to do them and where to go to do them, are needed right now. It's information we want, not emotional urges. Given the facts, and the reason for action, Canadians can be depended upon to respond. Let's call a holiday on these "dramatized" announcements interspersed with fanfares from the orchestra.

The other day the United States Army, through the Office of Strategic Services, made a simple little announcement in which they asked Americans if they had any good snapshots of European beaches. William J. Donovan, director of the service, made the announcement. He emphasized that the Army didn't want listeners to send in the pictures. It wanted them to write to him and explain what pictures they have and where they were taken. Then, if they were the sort needed, the Army arranged to pick them up. Well, 800 people wrote in and said they had good pictures, and we'll wager a cookie that some of these snapshots will be used on that day when American, Canadian and British troops cross the Channel and head for Berlin.

RADIO screenings: It was like old times to hear W. C. Fields back on the Charlie McCarthy program . . . but most listeners won't be sorry if he stays away for another lengthy period. . . The Screen Guild Players are doing a nice piece of work over Columbia every Monday night. . . Radio City has replaced those colorfully-uniformed NBC page boys with girls. . . Leopold Stokowski returned to the podium of the NBC orchestra last Sunday. . . George Corey, writer of *This Nation at War*, has gone abroad as an accredited war correspondent and will present four broadcasts from England. . . Edward Tomlinson has returned from a 17,000-mile journey of hemispheric defences, and after a two-weeks lecture tour will resume his regular Saturday and Sunday broadcasts. . . Dorothy Parker has become a contributor of pieces about radio in the *New Yorker* . . . for the second time "Goodby Mr. Chips" was heard on the air last week, with Merle Oberon and Basil Rathbone playing the leading parts. . . Drew Pearson, Washington writer, will be heard now over 54 Blue stations instead of 27. . . I've always wanted more harpsichord programs, and now Wanda Landowska has launched a series of nine weekly harpsichord recitals over Columbia, on Mondays. . . "Hello, Americans", the Orson Welles sustaining series which was supposed to start on Nov. 1, was postponed to Nov. 15. . . Arthur Haskell, of the Toronto Better Business Bureau, does a good job on the air, warning citizens about wartime rackets.

FEMININE DILEMMA

WHILE I may contemplate with pain
A bitter break—and then, the end,—
I'd find it more distressing still
To keep you as a friend!

BLANCHE I. POWNALL.

L C SMITH
NOT FOR SALE
FOR LOVE OR MONEY!

. . . but we can make your present L C Smiths outlast the war!

TEN TIPS FOR TYPISTS
to make typewriters last longer

DO DAILY
1. Brush erasures and dirt on typebars towards front part of machine.
2. Clean type with cloth or brush *slightly* moistened with cleaning fluid.
3. Move carriage to extreme right, clean carriage rails. Reverse operation.
4. Brush dust from typebars.
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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Divinity and Magic Mixed

THE ROBE, a novel, by Lloyd C. Douglas. (Allen, $3.00.)

TO CLOTHE with flesh the bare bones of the Four Gospels seems to be a perpetual ambition. Of all records these are the most compelling and at once the most unsatisfying. Events of high importance in the life of the Hero are told, not described. Miracles beyond reason are dismissed in a few cool words. The parables are recorded more definitely, and these, for the most part, are as short as great art can make them.

Painters have been striving, vainly, for a thousand years and more to visualize the Personality and fix the face and figure in color. Preachers labor long to re-create the "setting" of this incident or that. Students have tramped the roads and by-paths of Palestine seeking local color. Historians have searched extant contemporary records in Latin and Greek, and have traced folk-traditions. And all to little effect. The story stands, unique, forceful, great, and no imaginative flights of sensitive believers (or unbelievers) have added one cubit to its stature. Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* is remembered more for its chariot-race than for the hero's search for the Christ, and in this very year Manuel Komroff's tale *In The Years of Our Lord* is merely the pleasant illumination of a period.

Now comes a popular novelist—and preacher—building a tale of 700 pages on two of the slightest incidents of the Gospels. A woman touched His garment and was healed, and the soldiers at the foot of the Cross threw dice for the seamless coat. Mr. Douglas wondered who won it and fixed on the commander of the Guard, a Roman Tribune; which is the first of his improbabilities. The detail of troops which crucified Jesus was commanded by a centurion; that is, a minor officer probably risen from the ranks. Even he, under the sharp discipline of Rome, would be unlikely to indulge in gaming with common soldiers, for a mere bloodstained coat. St. John says that the garments were divided into four parts "to every soldier a part" and they cast lots for the coat; obviously, the four interested in such poor trophies.

But a stiffer hurdle for the reader is the assumption that the coat had magical qualities, the mere possession of it conferring a sense of peace, and the touching of it restoring the sanity of a man in the last stages of melancholia. That conception is of the stuff of wonder-tales and peasant-myths, such as appear in the Lives of the Saints. It's a Twelfth Century conception in the Twentieth. Instead of adding to the majesty and power of the Christ, living or dead, it detracts from it.

Divinity has no need of smart conjuring to aid in the conversion of men. For that very reason, we believe, the Master of Life warned most of those whom he healed to say nothing about it. The bodily healing for Him was a side-issue. His medicine was for a soul diseased. The theme of the creation and expansion of the early Church is big enough to sustain the ablest novel, but in our judgment it is clouded and made less impressive by dragging in the Robe and its pretended power.

The story is sentimental rather than real. The leading characters are moved by pity at a time when pity was most unusual. In fact they seem more like the milder type of Montreal citizenry, such as attend St. James's Church on St. Catherine Street; pleasant people one would like to know. But it's not fair to shove them back two thousand years. They're not comfortable in that environment, particularly when the author is at pains to make the environment as desperately ugly as it really was.

Frankly, we don't care for the novel, and at the same time we are perfectly sure that it will have an enormous success not only here but in the United States.

Opportunity Missed

BY W. S. MILNE

THE GREAT O'NEILL, by Sean O'Faolain. (Collins, $4.50.)

HUGH O'NEILL, Earl of Tyrone, is probably best known today because he was Errol Flynn's elusive opponent when Bette Davis sent him to Ireland in the film version of "Elizabeth and Essex". The ill-starred campaign of Elizabeth's erstwhile favorite occupies only twenty or so pages in this biography, for Essex was only one of a long succession of English generals whose military reputations lost much of their lustre in the bogs of Ireland, trying to force O'Neill to stand and fight. O'Neill's campaigns are a record of the success of guerilla tactics in familiar terrain when opposed to conventionally-minded generals fighting with over-extended supply-lines.

This Irish chieftain's life should have made a stirring book. Taken as a boy to London, reared in the household of the elder Essex as an Elizabethan courtier, fighting in Ireland as an officer in the train of Sir Henry Sidney; intriguing for the earldom of Tyrone, playing the English game and plotting against them with Philip of Spain, raising secret militia, smuggling arms, marrying somewhat frequently, and finally, patriot in spite of himself, taking the field against Elizabeth's forces, and for a few years becoming the most powerful and popular man in Ireland; defeated by Mountjoy at Kinsale just as Elizabeth was dying, and fleeing to Rome to drag out his remaining years in poverty-stricken exile: this is the career of Hugh O'Neill.

His attempt to instill into a pre-mediaeval Ireland of little chiefs the new Renaissance concept of nationalism was doomed to failure, but it is an amazing picture, this of the Elizabethan courtier with the statecraft of Machiavelli welding the O'Neills and O'Donnells and Fitzgeralds and Desmonds and the rest into a semblance of national coherence. Opposing his ragged and undisciplined kerns and gallowglasses to the flower of Elizabeth's armed forces, he very nearly did in the sixteenth century what Parnell was unable to do in the nineteenth. Another interesting thing is that what began as an intrigue of self-interest and ambition became in the end a patriotic mission, and very nearly a Catholic crusade.

O'Neill is a subtle and picturesque figure, a glamorous swashbuckler and a gallant leader. He should have made a brilliant book, but the opportunity was missed. Mr. O'Faolain's book is informative, but dull, detailed and discursive.

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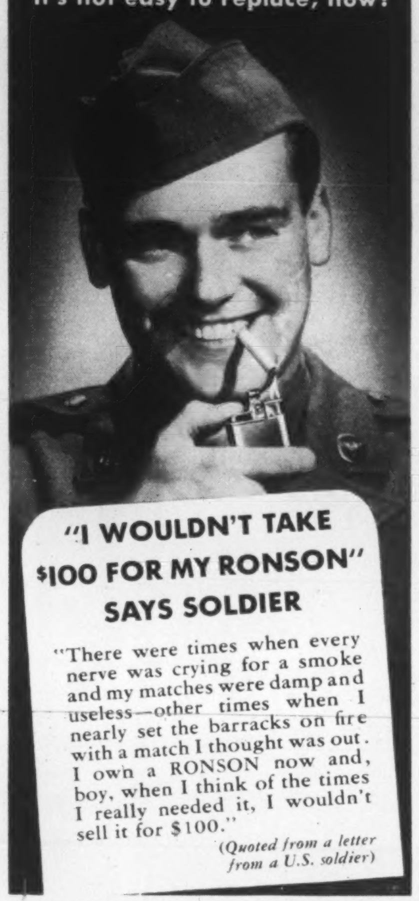
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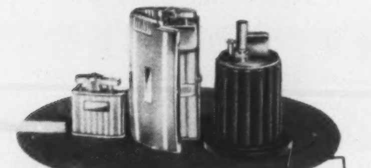
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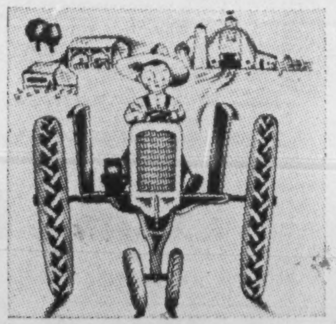

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THE BOOKSHELF

Four Popular Novelists

BY STEWART C. EASTON

THE HORN OF LIFE, by Gertrude Atherton. (Ryersons. $3.00.)

AN APPLE FOR EVE, by Kathleen Norris. (McClelland & Stewart. $2.50.)

GLASS MOUNTAIN, by Mary Frances Doner. (McClelland & Stewart. $3.00.)

EARLY SUMMER, by Elizabeth Corbett. (Ryersons. $3.00.)

THE writing of popular fiction is a highly specialized business, though apparently a profitable one. Most of the practitioners on this continent are women, though in Great Britain men seem to have their fair share of the output. Few people actually buy the books, at least not in their original editions, but they are the staple fare offered by the myriads of lending libraries which cater to the tastes of people with idle hours on their hands. A certain mechanical smoothness is required of all these writers, but their success is not to be attributed solely to their efficiency. Of paramount importance it is that the books should be easy on the intelligence, and the characters and situations must be such that the reader recognizes them as valid either in his own world of experience or his personal world of dreams. Any writer who can repeatedly make contact with this particular dream world is assured of a faithful following for just as long as he retains his gift.

"Early Summer" is just a slice of life, without excitement, but retailed with veracity. It is apparently one of a series of novels about Jim Warner, his second wife Sheba and his four children, who lived in the '70's of last century. Two years pass between the beginning and the end. One boy goes to Annapolis, and one girl gets herself married. By the last page there has been no real growth, and no one, including the reader, is any the wiser. But the book is pleasantly and efficiently written, and people who think that the best form of painting is photography may be satisfied.

Lynn Randolph was beautiful and intelligent (at least the author says so), and she was scared San Francisco was about to become a second-rate city. Wanting to redeem it from this awful fate, she goes out into society, dressed in green, and makes a hit. Then she opens a restaurant and talks to business men who lunch there. She writes notes about fear on odd pieces of paper, hoping thereby to exorcise it, and she contemplates murdering her mother, who suffers from delirium tremens and wears a wig. In the end she marries a millionaire whom she has taught not to say "Pleased to meet you," and to avoid other social solecisms, and leaves San Francisco to its own natural evolution. If anyone cares to spend $3.00 or 4c a day on this sorry stuff (*The Horn of Life* by Gertrude Atherton) tasteless, lifeless, snobbish, didactic, pretentious, and without any redeeming grace, there is no law to prevent him. Me, I'd keep my dough.

Mrs. Norris comes into quite a different category. Her books attain popularity not by playing upon the weaknesses of her audience, as Miss Atherton endeavors to do, but by making their problems hers. There is never anything very profound or elevated in her stories, but she is unequalled as an interpreter of the emotions and desires of very ordinary human beings, and her thoughts are couched in the same terms as theirs. Some of her books are merely chatty, with babies and washing-machines sharing the centre of the stage; while others are concerned with morality and happiness, and the marital problems of modern women. *An Apple For Eve* is a good example of the latter class, while *The Venables*, which I reviewed recently in these columns, belongs to the former. Mrs. Norris shows no signs of tiring. Her present book is as good as any she has written.

Glass Mountain is extremely sentimental, both in the conception of the plot, its working out, and the characterization. But for two thirds of the story the sentimentality is rather endearing, partly because it is enlivened by gay talk, and partly because uncounted millions of people do conceive of life in the same way as Miss Doner. This makes a reader warmly sympathetic to her human characters, while at the same time an inner judgment may deplore the hokum. But in the last third the hokum predominates, and the gaiety slips away. However, many people may be interested in the background

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WORLD OF WOMEN

A Square Meal Goes to the Dogs

BY BERNICE COFFEY

MANY earnest dog owners are unhappily discovering you can try to explain a shortage of meat or food in cans to the family pooch, but it isn't likely to get you anywhere—only in a bog of frustration at mealtime.

So, prompted by the Mother Hubbard appearance of the butcher shops recently, we dropped in on Dr. Alan Secord, head of the Secord Animal Clinic of Toronto, to find out how this delicate situation is handled by the experts.

Dr. Secord, a young man with sandy hair and an easy pleasant manner, wears a high-buttoned surgeon's white jacket in his clinic. The walls of his office, like those of highly popular pediatricians, are covered with numerous photographs — gratefully inscribed—of patients who have been under his care. The mounted heads of a fine pair of mallard ducks and other trophies indicate that he's a handy man with a gun. His companion in the field—Sally by name—a lean handsome pointer in a smart coat of sleek brown and white, looks callers over in a reserved manner and remains quietly seated beside the doctor during the interview.

The dog, says Dr. Secord, is a descendant of the wolf and if permitted will gorge himself with enough food at one meal to last three days. One meal a day, preferably in the evening, is all the food the average dog requires to keep him fit and keen in his domestic environment. Overfeeding is one of the commonest causes of ailments among canines.

Canada is fortunate in having a surplus of cereal grains. Since this country is an exporter of cattle, sheep and swine, there are also plenty of meat by-products unfit for human use. Cereals, waste products from the abattoirs and horse meat constitute a reserve of dog food which does not interfere with human consumption.

The dog owner can render a patriotic service by feeding foods specially prepared for dogs and thus avoiding the use of food ordinarily intended for human consumption.

There are numerous alternatives to fresh meat or food in cans—dehydrated food packed in paper or pasteboard cartons; meat formulas put up in glass instead of tin; the familiar dry cereal foods which comes in several forms—biscuits, kibbled (broken biscuits), compressed (cubes or pellets), and the mixed meal type.

A One-Food Dog

Rover has decided ideas concerning what he likes to find on his plate and for those dogs that have been accustomed to daily rations of meat or a certain brand of canned food the changeover to other foods may be a problem.

Probably the greatest trials in switching from canned dog food to a new type will be experienced by those who have fed their dogs one type of food exclusively. The dog has become accustomed to the one food and naturally is wary of a diet that is strange to him. Pets must be trained to eat the new foods and the owner must be patient while training the dog to accept the new victuals with equanimity.

The best procedure, says Dr. Secord, is to start feeding about one-quarter of the new ration to three-quarters of the regular feeding. Should the regular feeding ration not be available, add fresh meat—raw or cooked—or the dog's favorite tidbits. Then increase the amount of new food daily until it is being fed exclusively.

To encourage pets formerly fed canned foods to eat the dry type foods just add a small amount of liquid fat to the dry food, moisten with warm water or milk, and feed immediately. Frying drippings are excellent for this purpose, also lard and other animal fats.

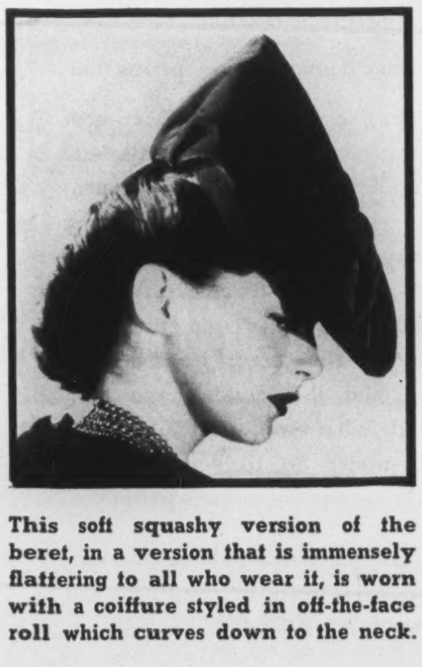
A dehydrated food is one from which the natural moisture has been removed and with the addition of water, milk or broth, the owner has a mixture that is very similar in food value and palatability to the former canned dog food.

Vitamin A, as far as dogs are concerned, is a very important item. It is vital to normal growth and development and is necessary for proper functioning of the dog's eyes—it prevents night blindness. The commonest source of this vitamin is fish oils. If this vitamin is not present in sufficient quantities in the dog's food it must be added if the dog is to remain healthy.

A little patience on your part, and your dog can be well fed in wartime.

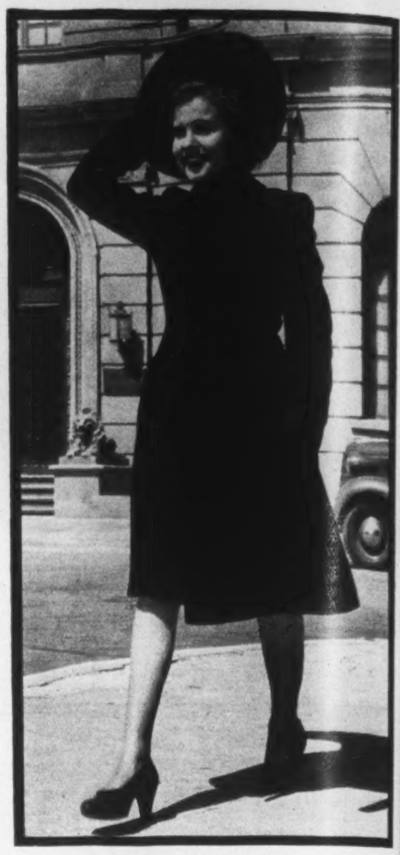
Flowers of Courage

Even though it may not be "the biggest aspisdistra in the world" described so graphically by Gracie Fields, most English homes still have a plant or flowers. The number of flowers grown in the British Isles is limited but, although practically all of the small luxuries of living have been sacrificed, the government recognizes the value of flowers in relieving the grimness of "austerity" living by allowing their continued growing in greenhouses. "As a result," says Ernest Simmons, Canadian florist, "many a bombed-out family cherishes a potted geranium or has a small bouquet from the flower shop standing bravely in the window of the new and not-too-luxurious quarters."



This soft squashy version of the beret, in a version that is immensely flattering to all who wear it, is worn with a coiffure styled in off-the-face roll which curves down to the neck.

Nor has the significant language of flowers been stilled by war and Mr. Simmons, who is a director of The Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, said that approximately 15,000 orders for flowers had been sent from Britain to the United States during the last six months.



Biggest coat success of the season, liked by clothes-conscious women for its simplicity, all-round usefulness, is the black wool coat trimmed with velveteen collar. Here velveteen also appears on buttons and at the scalloped edge of the pockets.

These orders have all come from Canadian and American soldiers and naval men stationed in the British Isles. Although he did not divulge the text of the cabled messages which accompany flower gifts sent to sweethearts, wives and mothers, he said that an analysis seemed to indicate the birthdays are the most often remembered occasion. Anniversaries are next in number. Roses are almost the universal choice in flowers, with red the first color choice and white second. The same is true in Canada where the sending of flowers by wire has been increasing nearly as rapidly as in the United States.

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If such fine antique silver, and the name Sheffield Plate thrill you as a collector and lover of fine things, we suggest you pay an early visit to Birks-Ellis-Ryrie.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Essay on a Little Learning

BY MAY RICHSTONE

BOOK learning is fine. But why is it so evanescent? Where does it go? I have documents to prove that I am a college graduate, but I couldn't pass an elementary school examination any more.

If I ever had any illusions as to how little book knowledge I have retained, my daughter of high school standing put me in my place.

Time was when she would ask me for an occasional bit of help. Invariably I had to ponder, shake my head dubiously and then confess that I had forgotten. She soon knew my limitations.

One day she navigated the stairs slowly, with her head in a text-book.

"How do you take cube root of. . ."

In the middle of her question, she raised her head.

"O, it's you!" she sighed. "Where's Daddy?"

That didn't deflate me nearly so much as another incident at the dinner table.

Daughter began by asking Dad if he would help a girl friend of hers with some Latin.

"The girl's father is a policeman who isn't home much," explained my miss seriously. "And her mother is an ordinary housewife like mother who doesn't know anything."

I gasped. Then I smiled, albeit wanly. My daughter meant no impertinence. She was merely stating facts. I couldn't dispute them. I agreed with her.

I Am Appalled

In fact, I am appalled when I let myself contemplate the extent of my ignorance. Of all the heterogeneous courses I took in my scholastic career, what do I remember?

I studied geography, for example. I once knew the mountain systems of Asia, the rivers and ports of Europe, the countries and capitals of South America. What do I remember? Please don't embarrass me.

I took a course in musical history. One sentence remains. "During the sixteenth century, a desire arose for drama with musical setting; but it met with little success because the vocal contrapuntal style was ill-adapted to express individual emotion." I memorized it because it was something I had to know. Don't ask me now what it means. Don't ask me to what it refers. Don't embarrass me.

Those Greeks

I took three years of Latin. Glibly I can quote "O fili mi boni belli." Though it sounds anatomical, it merely means "O my son of the good war." Loftily I can declaim "Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant." That means "A sudden hush fell upon all and they held their gaze fixed intently." It begins the second book of Virgil's Aeneid. I can also recite "timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;" which translated, means "fear the Greeks when bearing gifts." I have a special interest in this last quotation because when my man was courting me and brought me flowers, I used it as my acceptance speech. I must have bowled him over by my erudition. Little did he suspect that quotation would comprise 33 1/3 per cent of my Latin. Hold on. If I'm not mistaken, equus is a horse!

I studied French for some six years. I can get the drift of something when I read it, but if I had to ask for a glass of water in French, I'd probably die of thirst.

I sat in on a course in philosophy. I know that one philosopher sponsored the theory of the tabula rasa, which is the blank mind on which all experience leaves its imprint. The blank mind, eh? I'm it!

Algebra, geometry, chemistry, physics, zoology, European history—gone into the limbo of forgotten things. A word here, a phrase there has a reminiscent tinge; but any concrete sequence of ideas, any mode of procedure—I don't remember. Perish the thought that I should say "I don't know!"

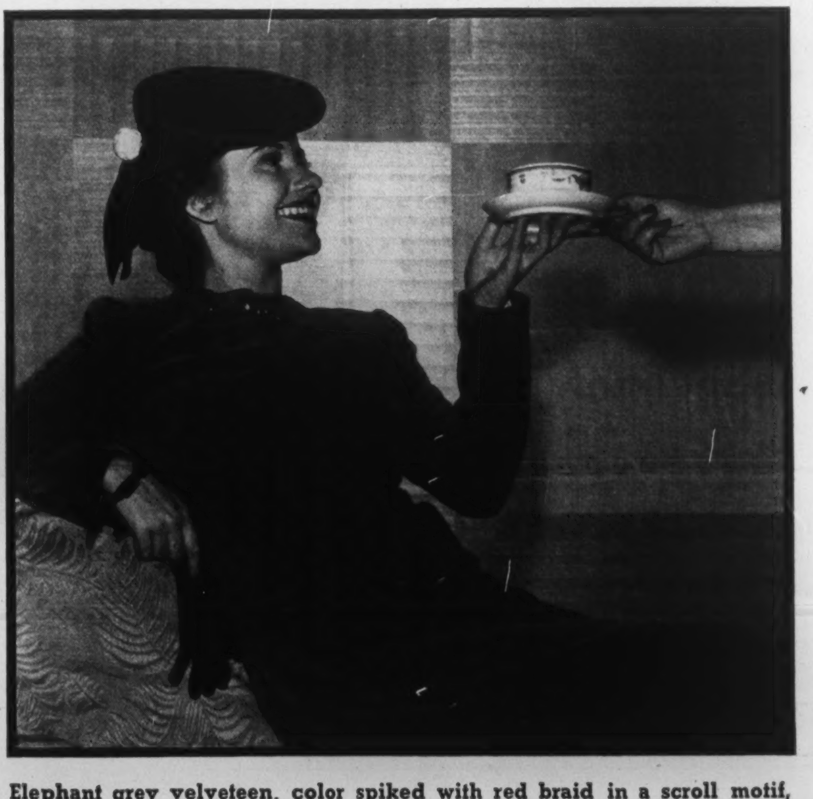
During the years I was acquiring it, all this knowledge must have occupied a certain amount of space in my cranium. Since Nature abhors a vacuum, what can have replaced it?

Odds-and-Ends

If you turned out my mind as one might turn out the contents of milady's purse, what would you find? Let's see. . . Here are ways and means of fostering the illusion in my man that I am Helen of Troy; nursery rhymes, fairy tales, songs and ballads with which to regale a little lad; recipes for egg-less, sugar-less cakes, and for disguising the inevitable left-overs; schemes devised to thwart the high cost of living; plots planned to sugar-coat the discipline for an adolescent daughter; plans for condensing the home's routine so there will be some time left to contribute to the war effort; problems, frustrations, bits of gossip, hopes, dreams, precious memories. If ever there was a clutter, it is my mind. No wonder geometry has been displaced. No wonder my memory, like the old gray mare, ain't what she used to be.

One ray of comfort shines like a beacon through miasma. Though I have forgotten that all Gaul is divided into three parts; though the decline and fall of the Roman Empire needs a little repetition before it sticks satisfactorily; though I couldn't earn so much as a D minus in any course I ever took, in one respect my mind has never failed me.

I have a perfect memory for non-essentials!



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mazzoleni Plays Kodaly

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THERE was a galaxy of talent at last week's concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. It was the debut of Ettore Mazzoleni in his new capacity as associate conductor, and one of the numbers, Beethoven's seldom-heard triple concerto, called for the services of the Canadian Trio; Sir Ernest MacMillan, pianist, Kathleen Parlow, violinist, and Zara Nelsova, 'cellist. Special interest was also provided by the first performance here of an extended work by the modern Hungarian conductor, Zoltan Kodaly.

Mr. Mazzoleni combines freedom of style and musical inspiration with meticulous attention to detail. He has the born conductor's gift of magnetizing both instrumentalists and listeners. During this year's long series of Promenade concerts many conductors of distinction were heard, and it was satisfactory to note that Sir Ernest MacMillan and Ettore Mazzoleni were obviously on a parity with the most eminent visitors. The latter's progressive enthusiasm for new works of importance was typified last week in his presentation of Kodaly's unique and delightful Suite "Hary Janos". It is a composition so rich and vivid that it demands several added instruments.

Kodaly is no novice; he will be sixty in December, and as early as 1906 became professor of composition at the Budapest Conservatory. He was one of the pioneers in the great international movement for folk song research, and it is said that he and his confrere Bela Bartok have collected over 4000 Hungarian folk songs. Although a modernist in use of the full resources of the latter-day orchestra, he is no atonalist, and he makes no departures from traditional modes. Like the old time religion, the scales used by Liszt are good enough for him.

"Hary Janos" is based on a famous Hungarian folk character, somewhat similar to the old soldier whose narrative of how he won the Battle of Waterloo is a favorite English fable. Hary Janos in the many tales in which he figures never hesitates to embroider an "otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." Some of these yarns are typified with great wealth of imagination and resource by Kodaly. The six movements have wonderful variety, and the most gorgeous tonal effect is a description of the great mechanical clock before the old Imperial Palace at Vienna. It used to be said of Kodaly as a composer that he was inclined to melancholy, but this work reveals him as a humorist with a broad and captivating gift.

The Beethoven triple concerto in C major was introduced to Toronto several years ago by Mark, Jan and Boris Hambourg at a special concert of the T.S.O. with Sir Ernest conducting. It was composed in 1805 when the composer was busy with the score of "Fidelio". He was 35, successful and happy; consequently the work is the buoyant outpouring of a man rejoicing in his creative gifts. There is a lovely quality of sentiment in the Largo and the Finale "Alla Polacca" is as gay as the music of Johann Strauss. It was beautifully interpreted. All three soloists are endowed with power in a rare degree; but this is a work that demands lightness of touch and grace in treatment.

"I wouldn't stop for anything-except Gold Flake!"
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GOLD FLAKE
CORK TIP CIGARETTES
ALSO PLAIN ENDS

Jan Peerce Pleases

The American tenor Jan Peerce has made half a dozen visits to Toronto, and with each return reveals increased finesse and glowing beauty of tone. After his first appearance here some years ago, when his name was unknown to local concert-goers, it was pointed out on this page that he had potentialities not revealed by any American tenor since the death of Caruso. His vocal power, mastery of breathing and voice control, and natural verve provide a continuous stimulus.

What convinced the writer that Mr. Peerce had a future was his rendering of Rossini's colossally difficult tarantella "La Danza," which Caruso made famous. For vocalists Rossini was the hardest of taskmasters and he seldom asked more of a singer than in this rapid and fervent ditty. Mr. Peerce is justified in including it in all his programs, for no other contemporary tenor sings it so well. He was also superbly effective last week in another of Caruso's stalking horses, "Vesti la Giubba" from "Pagliacci".

Fervor is his marked characteristic as an interpreter, and he has the gift of putting emotion into numbers of rapid tempo, as in Schubert's "Impatience". His declamation is exceptional but one could have wished a little more spiritual exaltation in Handel's "Waft Her, Angels, to the Skies". Nothing on the program was more delightful than his fluent, distinguished rendering of Mozart's "Il Mio Tesoro" and his descriptive elegance was apparent in Fourdrain's "The Sun and the Sea".

At Conservatory Hall on November 14, a series of monthly recitals by Toronto violinists was inaugurated by Harry Adaskin, with Frances Marr at the piano. The violinist's tone is warm and appealing; his handling of technical problems expert; and intellectual distinction characterized his interpretations. The classics were represented by a beautiful rendering of the Beethoven Romance, followed by a well balanced performance of the Mendelsohn Concerto. In the Finale the rhythmical urge of both performers was stimulating. In the modern section, the most important item was Delius' beautiful Sonata, rich in melody and poetry and marked by a pervading freshness of inspiration. An amazing fact about this Sonata is that it is a "dictated" work, born in the composer's mind, when he was stone-blind and unable to make his own notation.

Last week and this, the Columbia Opera Company of New York has been presenting a large repertoire of standard works, mainly Italian, at Massey Hall. With adequate orchestral support and scenic equipment, the director, Armand Bagarozy, concentrates on effective singing casts, with an interfusion of promising young singers among veterans of the operatic routine.

The organization includes Alfredo Chigi, a baritone of remarkable dramatic ability, whose *Rigoletto* is magnificent; a veteran basso of the Metropolitan, Arthur Anderson, whose *Mephisto* is impressive, and several attractive tenors, Mario Palermo, Lindi and Patrick Henry. The coloratura, Luisa Coronina, is also a capital little actress, and among the younger baritones Frank Richards is admirable in voice and stage presence. The most ambitious attempt has been a revival of Verdi's "Otello" which has not been sung in Toronto for many years, and another departure from the inevitable routine was a revival of Puccini's appealing "Boheme". The organization has a new and very able conductor in Fritz Mahler.

Other Events

There were other distinctive events last week. Hart House Quartet gave the second of its current chamber series. Admirable renderings of two noble traditional works,—the Schumann Quartet in A major, op 41, No. 3, and the Beethoven Quartet in C major, opus 59, No. 3, last of the Rasoumowski trilogy; and delightful compositions by the contemporary Waldo Warner. Once a noted violist and associate of James Levey in the London String Quartet, Warner is now a chamber composer who has won several prizes of international importance. His music is English in the most complete sense, based on ancient folk songs and dance forms conceived in the artistic childhood of the race, tunes of the soil, but exquisitely distinguished in Mr. Warner's transformations.

Another notable event was the first of a series of ten twilight recitals by Lubka Kolessa, a pianist of rare quality and brilliance who has lately joined the Conservatory staff. In happier days she was a noted figure in Vienna and Central Europe.

Ernest Seitz, eminent Canadian pianist who plays the Rubenstein Concerto No. 4 with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, at Massey Hall, Nov. 24

Walter Hampden and Cecilia Lof in "Arsenic and Old Lace" the co edy which continues for a secon week at the Royal Alexandra Theat Toronto, beginning November

THE FILM PARADE

The Height of Something or Other

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MOVIE reviewers after a short time become the worst people in the world to review movies. We grow toughened on the one hand and softened on the other. We get thinking that the picture we are watching is only relatively, and not absolutely bad. We develop a state of lassitude which is part tolerance and part pure torpor. Or we figure that the discomfort we are feeling is probably caused by the sacro-iliac condition developed by sitting for three or four hours on the ends of our spines in the deep-sprung chairs provided by the management. It takes quite a heavy jolt to restore us to a state of fresh astonished judgment.

Well, the jolt came twice in a single week. It began with "Tish," which derives from the character created many years ago by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Three talented character actresses (Marjorie Main, Zasu Pitts and Aline MacMahon) were selected for this ordeal. Marjorie Main, drawing the short straw, got the role of Tish. Miss Pitts and Miss MacMahon got off, though far from lightly, with the roles of Tish's pixilated lady companions.

As Tish Miss Main added a touch of schizophrenia to the original portrait which made her enforced retirement into a lunatic asylum both soothing and logical. Miss Main's approach to her assignment appeared to be the grim one of just not trying to spare herself anything. Zasu Pitts on the other hand had a muted air of being quite beyond caring. But Aline MacMahon's performance was such a masterpiece of stately non-collaboration that it deserves special mention.

Aline MacMahon is an excellent actress whose talent lies in succinct and carefully whittled comedy. In "Tish" her comedy consists mostly in climbing trees and crawling about on all fours. Outwardly Miss MacMahon conformed to the role. She spoke her lines, she climbed and crawled (in a draggled skirt, a dreadful hat and a middy blouse); and she did it all with the most remarkable air of not being there at all. An actress of experience and resource, Miss MacMahon didn't need to break her contract and forfeit her salary. Her performance, detached and very calm, was virtually a rejection of the whole unfortunate business.

JOLT No. 2 came from Mickey Rooney in "A Yank at Eton." This film is possibly not the worst picture ever made, but it is certainly the most deplorable ever contrived for young Mr. Rooney. Its intentions are probably of the best, but if "A Yank At Eton" is a tribute to Anglo-American friendship, then the hotfoot, which in many ways it resembles, is a mark of sensitive appreciation and respect.

Mickey is imported into England and Eton by a much too indulgent step-father (Ian Hunter), and his democratic distaste for The School is equalled, if not surpassed, by Eton's icy distaste for Mickey. Before it is over, of course, Mickey grows to admire Eton and Eton to tolerate Mickey; but in the meantime many of the worst prejudices of Anglophobes on his side of the water and Americanophobes on the other side have been satisfactorily confirmed. Like its predecessor "A Yank At Oxford," "A Yank At Eton" does its unwitting best to prove that any contact between the youth of England and America is likely to bring out the very worst in both.

Freddie Bartholomew is embarrassingly involved as Mickey's English step-brother. Ten-year-old Juanita Quickly, as Mickey's sister presents a new and precocious talent that will bear watching; though not, I hope, by me.

After these two experiences "The Forest Rangers" turned out to be quite a pleasure to watch, because it was big and beautiful and silly instead of merely silly. Fire Ranger Fred MacMurray is involved here in a comedy love-triangle with Paulette Goddard and Susan Hayward. While the girls spat the hero spends his time stolidly putting out fires and tracking a pyromaniac. The dialogue struck me as the height of something or other, though all I can remember is Paulette Goddard's remark when she finds herself caught trapped and helpless in the middle of the forest, surrounded by leaping flames and toppling fiery timbers: "To think I spent all last winter in Florida trying to get a burn."

"The Forest Rangers" is all technicolor, and since forest fires photograph even more handsomely than forest lovers it's worth watching most of the time. You don't have to listen.

AT THE THEATRE

The Dear Little Murderesses

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

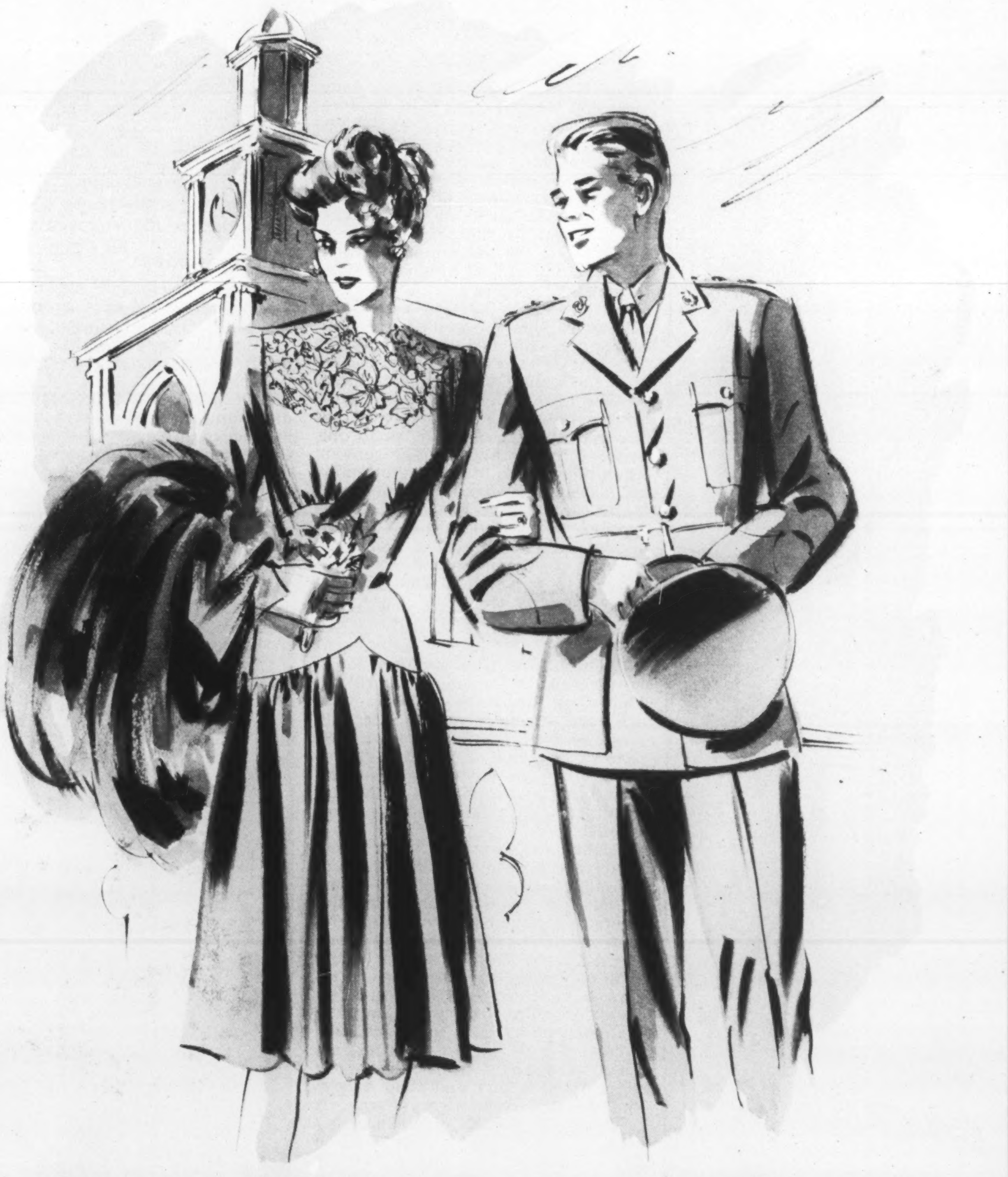
LET us begin by telling the truth, which is that no amount of previous ballyhooing, nor even the portentous length of the New York run, had prepared us for the dramatic excellence of Joseph Kesselring's "Arsenic and Old Lace," currently offered—and to be offered all next week—at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. It is a fine example of the very best type of American farce-comedy achievement, a type in which, as often noted in these columns, gusto is the main ingredient. Gusto is attained in high degree in this piece, in association with a very careful regard for plausibility, and the result is an almost constant flow of extravagant fun which never offends the intelligence or the taste. Since all our readers must have long been aware of the play's main situation, we need say no more than that it concerns a Brooklyn family of high respectability but pronounced tendency to insanity, one member of which is known to be insane but harmless, while his two sisters are supposed to be sane but actually make a practice of poisoning any lonely and dispirited male who comes within their reach, from the most humane motives.

irst American to win the British Military Medal in the present war, rank M. Koons (above) got his for "conspicuous gallantry" at Dieppe.

Such characters require the highest kind of dexterity in the acting, and to Cecilia Loftus and her foil Alice John goes most of the credit for the effectiveness of the current show after the dramatist and the stage manager have got theirs. Miss Loftus misses absolutely nothing; not a lifted eyebrow nor a wavering forefinger is out of place, not an inflection of voice but is exactly in character; a great actress, in a role which, although essentially farce comedy, is yet thoroughly worthy of her talents.

The casting of Mr. Walter Hampden for the viciously insane (not the harmlessly insane) brother was a less happy idea. Mr. Hampden is very good, but it is the goodness of a man doing something outside of his proper *metier* and not altogether approving of it. It is Mr. Hampden trying to be Mr. Karloff with only half a heart for the job. Not that Mr. Hampden spoils the play, for he is far too good an actor for that; but he does not enrich it as a man of equal dramatic stature with his but in the right line would. The teamwork between him and his companion, the veteran LeRoi Operti, is brilliant. But for that matter the organization of the whole performance is brilliant.

The cast includes several old friends. Ethel Britton continues to gain in charm and dexterity. Ainsworth Arnold does an authoritative "bit" as a clergyman. Arthur Jarrett is excellent as the brother who believes himself to be Teddy Roosevelt.



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Simpson's

THIRD FLOOR

Will It Be a Boy Or a Girl?

BY DORA SMITH CONOVER

In collaboration with
Dr. Norma Ford

> **Nature's sole interest is maintaining the balance of the sexes so, with scant regard for the preferences of prospective parents, she sends boy and girl babies along in fairly equal numbers. However it is possible for one family to receive more than its share of girls than boys, or vice versa.**

BOY or Girl? Which will it be?

What would mankind not have given, right down through the ages, for some means of making sure that it would be the one that was wanted! Dynasties might not have tottered. Kingdoms might have stood firm. In more modern times, many thousands of skeins of pale blue wool might have been saved in cases where pale pink was all that was needed. Millions of prayers have arisen, spells and incantations have been invoked, "old wives' practises" have been resorted to and numerous experiments have been tried out—all in the hope of getting the one rather than the other. Now we turn to Science.

"Boy or girl," we ask, "how can we get the one we want?"

Science says, after deep study, "The chances are fifty-fifty."

But if the first was a girl, wouldn't that make it rather more likely that the next would be the hoped-for son? Or if the first seven were boys, wouldn't the chances be good that the next would be the long-desired daughter?

"The chances would be very good in either case. Fifty-fifty," answers Science imperturbably.

Of course many have heard of someone who can tell prospective parents the formula for getting whichever they want. Or they may even know of a doctor who claims to have the secret—possibly a chemical control which sounds most plausible. What's more they know of actual cases to prove they were right! Well, even Science considers they have a very fair chance of being right—about half the time.

Canny Lady

For Nature is a very canny lady and she isn't leaving the balance of male and female to the whims of prospective parents. Males are necessary—but females are indispensable! Besides, a preponderance of males has a way of making the females over-important which results in them becoming choosey about undertaking the obligations of their sex and that is most annoying—both to men and Nature.

No, Mother Nature has a good old rule which she has found no reasons to tamper with during the centuries and that is to send along boys and girls in fairly equal numbers. Since females have a slightly stronger hold on life than males, she allows one hundred and six male births to one hundred female and is quite content when this results in her having more old ladies on her hands than old men. Males can't quite take it to the same degree as females but Nature doesn't mind so long as there are enough of them around for long enough to accomplish what she expects of them.

Balance of Sexes

Even in war time she has found no reason to amend this ruling. You've all heard that "More boys are born during a war." This only seems so, for it simply isn't true. War, peace, good times, depressions, subsidized births or birth control—whatever the rate or conditions——Nature maintains the balance of the sexes at birth.

Scientists know this, both from what they deduce from the facts of reproduction as they have found them, and from actual statistics where they have been available. A recent scientific survey over the whole of the United States and over a long term of years, has borne out the deduction conclusively. There are few countries where the vital statistics are more available or more accurate.

This, as we all know, does not mean that births come in perfect order "first a girl and then a boy" like the flies down Georgia way. It is really a matter of chance but even "Chance" has a "law" and in any gamble between one of two the ratio in the long run is bound to be fifty-fifty. Bookies and their ilk are well aware of this law, which is why they seldom gamble. However, those who want children must gamble on the sex of each child in turn.

Reproduction Facts

Perhaps you still believe that "figures can lie" and you wish those cock-sure scientists would let us in on some of those mysterious "facts of reproduction" into which they have been so assiduously delving. Why, certainly. Only first, please, scientists are really not cock-sure but "study-sure". With them guesses must never count for fact.

Here are the facts. First of all, sex is determined at the moment of conception and it is the sperm, or male cell, which does the determining. The ova of the female are all the same, each consisting of a cell with food in case of fertilization. They have absolutely no final sex-determining factor.

So, you see, when Macbeth in his intense admiration of his red-handed lady when she murdered McDuff, adjured her to "bring forth male children only", he was giving her more credit than was due. By the same token, millions of unhappy women in many lands and down through many ages have suffered utterly unmerited contumely because they were held responsible for the lack when they did not bear male children. All women are now completely exonerated from such unfair blame for it is established beyond doubt that it is the father who determines the sex of the progeny.

Chromosomes

Which brings us to chromosomes. For the actual sex-determining factor is a single, infinitely tiny but prodigiously powerful bit of protoplasm known as a chromosome.

Each body cell is made up of a certain number of chromosomes. In different species of creatures, the number is different but it is constant with each species. In human beings the number is forty-eight. They are in pairs. In females there are twenty-four identical pairs. In males twenty-three of the pairs are identical and quite indistinguishable from those of the female but the twenty-fourth pair contains one that is the same as in the female and one that is very different. It is called the Y chromosome to distinguish it from its partner which is known as an X chromosome. This twenty-fourth pair or "sex pair" in the female has two of these X chromosomes.

Y is specially different in that it is so small that for many years it was overlooked entirely by the scientists thinking that it was merely a speck and deciding that the difference between male and female must be the one less chromosome in the male cell. Which goes to prove that it doesn't do to discount even a "speck" for in this case if it's present "it's a boy"! And this Y chromosome is present in exactly half of the male germ cells.

This is because in reproduction the cells divide into two, one half of the sperms carrying a Y chromosome and one half an X. If a sperm carrying a Y chromosome reaches the ovum first and fertilizes it, the offspring will be a boy. If it's a sperm bearing an X, then the X will unite with the X in the ovum to form a girl. Multiple births, identical twins, triplets etc., must all be of the same sex since they are formed from a single fertilized cell which buds into several babies shortly after it has begun to develop. Fraternal multiples need not be of the same sex since they each develop from separate cells and the sex of each depends entirely on whether an X or a Y bearing sperm reached it first.

Strangely enough it seems that more Y cells do arrive there first—even in excess of the ratio of 106 males to 100 females which are actually born for it is known that more still-births and miscarriages are of males. This is well established as a fact but the reason is not yet clear. It is thought that the Y chromosome may result in a more active cell so that the X containing cells suffer a handicap in the race for fertilization.

But why this favoritism only to result in the very slight and quite constant advantage of 106 to 100? It may be that the formation of a male is a slightly more difficult business than a female, possibly owing to that little, odd Y chromosome which is so unlike all the others. In which case it would be good judgment to allow a margin for constructional error. Nature is exceedingly meticulous when it comes to essential details and has no objection to being lavish when it matters—no matter how careless and high-handed she may appear to us humans in some things such as death and disease.

Laws of Chance

Possibly we ought to admit right here that there are ways of getting the drop on Nature and on the Laws of Chance as well in this business of getting a baby sexed according to order—and we don't mean by simply adopting a ready-made baby either. There have been various experiments in controlling sex which have been tried out with varying degrees of success on some of the lower forms of life. It's not impossible that some time in the future prospective parents may be guaranteed a boy or girl to order providing they are willing to have a "test tube baby". Those who prefer the ordinary or garden variety will have to be content with taking a gamble knowing that their chances will be equally good whether they prefer the one or the other.

As a matter of fact it's a pretty fair gamble for they can't lose either way—since either kind is completely adorable once one has them in their arms all sweet and cuddly!

Looped yarn worn lei style edges the new deeper neckline and bracelet length sleeves of a green wool dress. The snug fitted top serves to emphasize the full lines of the skirt with its peg top pockets and front pleats.

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THE DRESSING TABLE

If You Can't Be Beautiful --- Be Smart

BY ISABEL MORGAN

ANTOINE, an artist who uses a comb instead of a paint brush to create living pictures instead of the sort one hangs on a wall, arrived recently along with his comforting philosophy that such a thing as a homely woman does not exist.

As you doubtless know, he is head man in the field of hair styling and the owners of famous heads whose locks have been arranged by his cunning hands read like a Blue Book of International Society. His headquarters used to be in Paris—but you know all about that. Now they are in the United States from whence he sometimes comes to this country to keep an eagle eye on how the boys are doing at his salons at Holt-Renfrew in Montreal and Toronto. And incidentally, to give the benefit of his personal advice to his Canadian clientele.

To return to the matter of the so-called homely woman and her problems, Antoine says she should exchange her homeliness for extreme smartness, and that this can be done by playing up one or more of her unusual features. If this is cleverly done those features—formerly disadvantages—become assets. Even though she may not be attractive in the conventional sense of the word, she can be extremely artistic and individualistic. She becomes a type.

All women, and this applies whether they are having a hair-do or choosing a hat or a dress, should think in terms of movement, proportion and line, and what each of the three will do for them as individuals.

Aureole

Concerning hair—it isn't "cut", according to Antoine, it is "shaped". This is done by cutting—oh, sorry—shaping it into many different gradations of length, so that when it finally is arranged it falls not into thick heavy curls but into a soft aureole that is almost transparent. This, by the way, is the manner in which the aureole effect is achieved in wigs when they are worn by Hollywood lovelies. The wigmaker sews in the hairs so they are varying lengths.

Don't expect however, to get by thriftily with two permanents a year if the hair is cut in this manner. Only the ends are curled tightly, and you will need a permanent every two or three months. However, you won't go through that sometimes painful period of "breaking in" a new permanent. It will be good from the first day because it is soft.

Nor is the hair cut short. Rather, it is left quite long although shaped up. "When the hair is left quite long, it can be done in innumerable styles, or changed around to suit the occasion." And, by the way, to give the neck a long slim look at the back when the hair is worn swept up, always sweep it from the sides toward the centre. If, on the other hand, the neck is thin hair should be worn down to cover it.

Those who have had a highly stylized new hair-do, and then become helpless as bunnies when they are on their own in arranging it the next day, should remember that it is all a matter of training the hair to go the way you want it. Comb and brush it for a few days in the general lines in which it was arranged for you, and soon your difficulties will be over.

If you are a dissatisfied biddy there are various means of changing things to suit yourself. New York women, says Antoine, are going in enthusiastically for "hair accessories" — (grandma called them transformations) in the form of braids and chignons, especially for evening wear. These are very light and cleverly done—the hair is sewn into a foundation of tulle and exactly matches one's own. Then there is coloring. The current favorite is a sort of Swedish honey color. And Antoine is introducing a new series of colors named after wines—champagne, sauterne, and so on—which go to the head.

From a nearby hat-box he brought forward a number of delightful felt hats which he had designed and made himself to fit the coiffures he designs. This venture into millinery is extra-mural work resulting from the request of a client for a hat to suit her hair. The hats are made from felt hoods which he steams into shape on a steam block and then manipulates into shape by means of artful folding without benefit of cutting or stitching.

Match-Maker

For the nonce we shall have to be content with the usual hit-or-miss method of matching up colored samples of this or that with these or them. But some time in the future—oh, about 1950—the woman shopper will be able to be certain beyond a doubt that her shoes match her suit, and that they will stay matched under any lighting condition. She will have learned to say to the sales department, "Yes they look like a match, but I want to be sure they match spectro-photometrically." On second thought, she is more likely to wave her hands in the air as she comes to the ten dollar word and end up with a request for "that color gadget".

The "gadget" is the work of such scientists as Virginia Granville, assistant color technologist at the Interchemical Corporation in New York. Mrs. Granville is not matching up fabrics and leathers now. Her laboratory is largely concerned with color work for war purposes. After the war, she says, all they have learned will be useful for many pleasant peaceful purposes, including women's clothes.

She and Mr. Granville, who directs the laboratory, are using an electronic machine, called a photoelectric spectrophotometer, in their work. Produced by General Electric engineers, the electronic machine sees more accurately than any human eye, utilizing electrons to measure color wavelengths, and then recording its findings in the shape of a curve on a piece of graph paper.

Mrs. Granville, who though a scientist apparently isn't above a bit of mild whimsy, has dubbed the electronic what's-it "Oscar". It's already being used for cosmetics. "You can see how it would help match up lipstick and nail polish and how it keeps different batches of powder the same shade."

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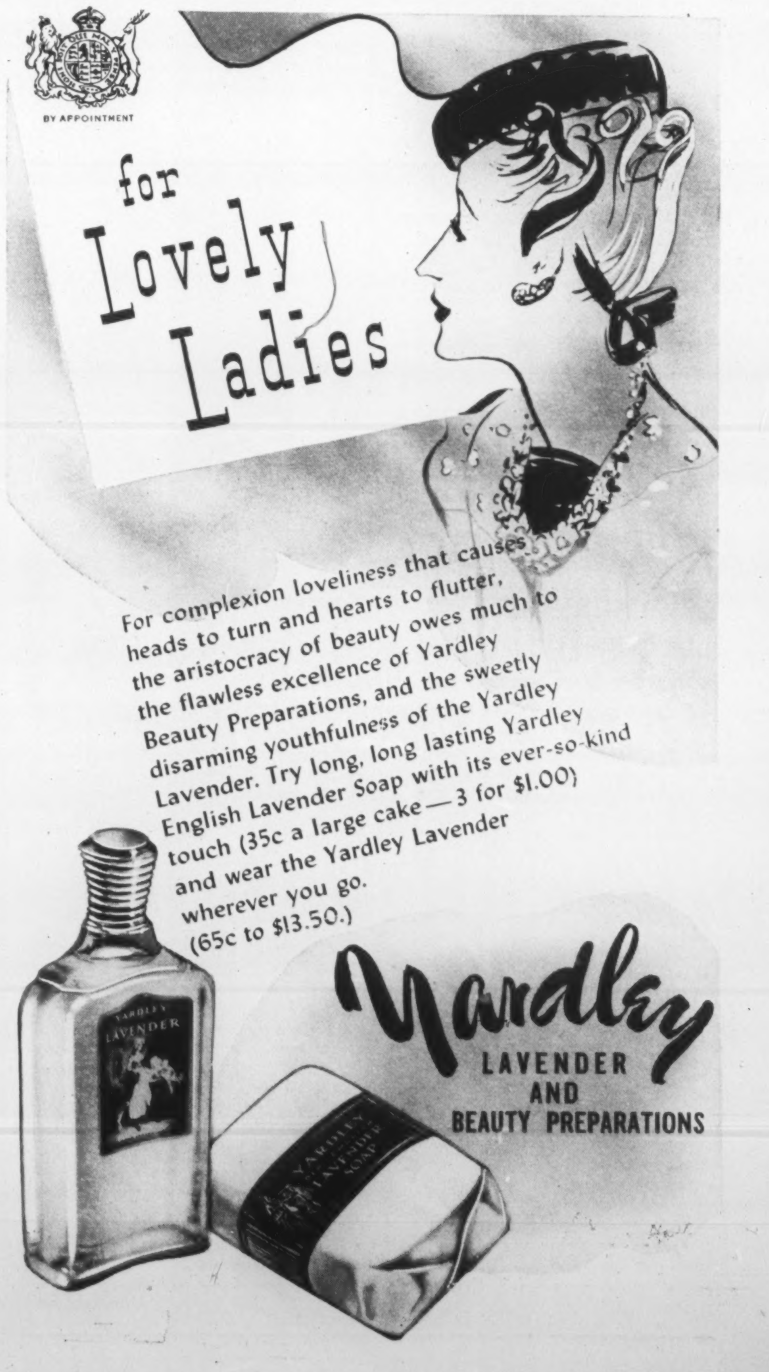
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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

"Coalman, Fill the Flowing Bin"

BY WINIFRED DAVID PILCHER

WHOOPS! At last I've found some use for those monsters of design and proportion, Cousin Cora's vases. They've been hanging around for years in the dark recesses of deep cupboards, towering with irritating forthrightness over the wrecks of well-beloved Wedgwood and Spode and surviving with monotonous pertinacity all of our more ill-advised house-movings. But now, it seems, even they have reached the last of life for which the first must surely have been made.

Of course, as is usually the case, the bright idea of putting them to use didn't strike me out of a blue sky. It came out of a veritable cloud of coal dust which blew in one Saturday afternoon along with a coal delivery man bringing our last load of coal.

It had been devoutly hoped that the new load would go in the already partly filled bin but our man took one look at it and burst into one of those full flights of oratory that generally have their source in a bottle of beer or so. What the—did the Coal Company think he was if he was goin' to be sap enough to do an afternoon's shovellin' as well as deliver and unload. Why that — bin would take him an hour's hard shovellin' to make any room in it and he was supposed to get fifty cents a ton for that kinda work. Well, he'd just take the load back —that was him—he didn't hafta work at this kinda job anyway. There were lotsa others to be had at much better pay. He'd take the load back—. And spite nobody but me I thought, frenziedly wondering how I could break into this oratory before he should take his own particular blending of coal, sweat and beer up the cellar stairs.

Reluctant Dragon

I recalled the fifty cents a ton wondering if it was a little racket of his own he was in the habit of working. Very well, even that was better than seeing my precious black diamonds go back to the coal yard so weakly I offered him fifty cents a ton to level the coal in the bin. Well, he'd get his shovel and see—but I still heard the refrain, that it ud better go back, as he went out to his wagon and I found myself rushing feverishly to the cellar window to see that he wasn't really climbing aboard and taking it back.

However, he returned in a minute or two and made one or two futile dabs at the coal in the bin and then burst forth again. No, it ud be no use—there was too much coal there —the new load would never go in— it ud pile up to the ceiling and you couldn't do that. Why he'd seen these engineers in apartment houses say a bin would hold so much and when he got there he could see at a glance it wouldn't—they'd be figuring on filling it to the ceiling and you couldn't do that. I never did get out of him why you couldn't but evidently there is a ceiling for coal which has nothing to do with the W.P.T.B. or the cellar overhead.— No, it couldn't be done—not even at fifty cents a ton—it ud be no use. He'd take it back to them and tell them—and off he went again.

For the second time I saw my coal at the vanishing point. Well, what about another window and improvising a bin, I began timorously. "Which one, lady? Here you got your drain in the floor, here you got your fruit, here you got your laundry tubs, here you got your cellar stairs," he reviewed them all in turn. "Now if you can tell me—."

All I had to do was decide whether to choke up the drain, block up my fruit, give up washing or stay out of the cellar for good. It would have been a hard decision for a woman at any time but with six feet of outraged truculence straining to dart out of the side door it was a tough assignment. In a frenzy I sacrificed the cellar stairs but the supercilious look that greeted that decision assured me I had chosen the imbecile's part.

"Okay, lady, it ain't none of my business, I suppose—only I thought you wanted to use the coal!"

"Yes, but with a few planks and boxes couldn't we—" I half whispered.

"Oh, now I gotta build a bin as well. No—it ud better go back."

I fled in terror to the work-shop end of the cellar and hauled back a discarded ironing board and a length of lumber. I stood the two end to end so that one end of the lumber was leaning up against one of the cellar supports and the end of the ironing board was supported by two boxes standing about a foot away from the cellar steps.

"Look, lady," fine sarcasm now, "I can't stay to put each piece in by hand. That ain't high enough. When the coal rolls it'll jump that."

By this time I was determined not to be worsted—"I'll take a chance," I said firmly, "and I'll also take care of the overflow."

But he still held a trump card. "Yeh—but what about this junk?"

"This junk" was the verandah furniture stored just under the window, and consisting of a reed settee and chair, a miscellaneous and worn-out collection of deck chairs and a drunken looking fernstand that showed the warp and woof of constant weathering—mostly warp!

"I'll move them," I said in the tone of one who moved a mountain a day with ease, but after giving my slight build a withering onceover he grudgingly started to help.

"Where to, lady?"

That was a problem with which I had no intention of dealing at that moment, since the cellar was full of such problems awaiting long overdue settlement.

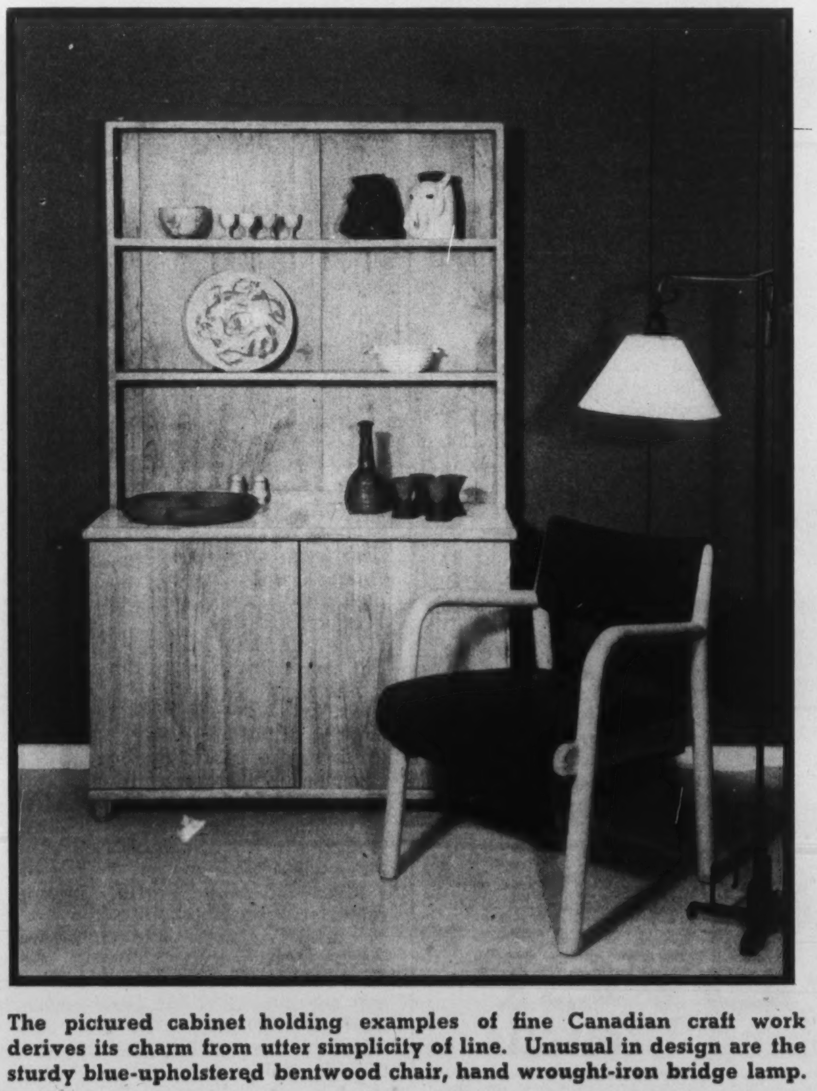
Moving Story

"Anywhere you can find a space," I said breathlessly, heaving one of the chairs up onto a trunk while he was acquainting himself with those unpredictable features of deck chairs that enable them to hit you in the nose the while they crack you across the knuckles. By the time he'd been cracked and bruised five times in a row I rather imagine he wished he'd collected his fifty cents a ton for coal shovelling.

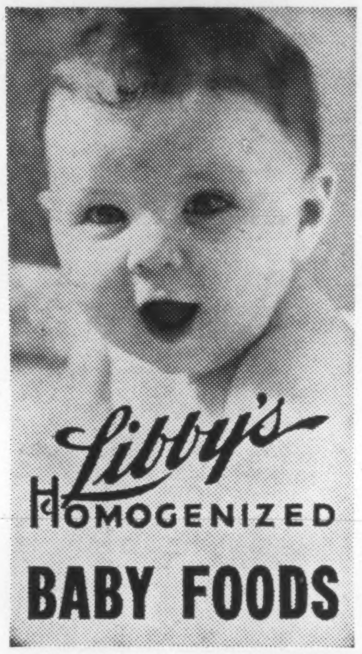
"There," he said as he leaned the last one up against the laundry tubs, "we've cleared that. Now I'll undo the window."

So at last my precious coal began its hard-comeby descent into the cellar. I sat on the top step and watched it with the rapt expression of one who is witnessing the pouring of the first gold brick from a particularly unpromising mining claim.

Of course, he was right about the overflow—it did, a little, and showed signs of ascending the cellar steps once or twice. But it was then I thought of Cora's vases. As catch-alls they'd be superb and their destiny would be fulfilled at last—even packed down and overflowing.



The pictured cabinet holding examples of fine Canadian craft work derives its charm from utter simplicity of line. Unusual in design are the sturdy blue-upholstered bentwood chair, hand wrought-iron bridge lamp.



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- **METHOD**—Sift together first five ingredients. Wash fruits, except citron, in hot water. Drain. Cut fruit and nuts into small pieces. Stir in ½ cup of the flour mixture. Cream butter at No. 1 speed on Mixmaster. Add sugar gradually. Add eggs, beat at No. 8 speed, beat in honey. Reduce speed to No. 1, add flour mixture alternately with sour milk, scraping down bowl and beating after each addition until batter is smooth. Beat in fruit mixture. Pour into large greased and floured tube pan. Bake in slow oven of 325° F. for about two hours. Cool. Decorate as illustrated, if desired.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Food For Victory

BY JANET MARCH

IF YOU haven't had letters from England telling how well fed they are, your friends or neighbors have. Taken at their face value such letters make you wonder if you have any right to send parcels of food and so fill the precious holds of the ships. However that problem is not really one the private citizen can settle for himself. If you have any doubts as to whether the butter and canned food you send will be welcomed get yourself a copy of "Food for the Future" by Josephine Terry, published by Duckworth, London, and read what eating is really like in the British Isles today.

This is a book which brings the war right into your own electric refrigerator. Josephine Terry, whose book has a foreword by Julian Huxley, writes intelligently and simply of how to make the best of a little when often even the little isn't what you and your family would choose. There are directions as to stretching the meat ration by adding dumplings to the rather scanty stew or dropping thick pieces of brown bread into the gravy. It's interesting to read and realize how very important flavoring is. This book came out in 1941, and it may be that chutney, chili sauce, bouillon cubes and herbs are not now to be had, so that the stews and goulashes made of what the English butcher bleakly calls "offal" are less desirable now than then. I have heard that onions are more plentiful this year so that the rather pathetic note to several recipes "It makes all the difference if you can put in a little onion" can be heeded.

Don't imagine though that this is a book to which you would only turn to get you out of a jam caused by shortage of some kind. There are a whole lot of good ideas and tricks in it and the author has always before her a triple aim—good nutrition, economy and desirability. If you are going to cook by it in this country you can afford more shortening and sugar instead of the margarine and saccharine mentioned. You will not have to stretch the stew with chunks of bread or depend on cooked bacon rinds cut in small pieces for flavor.

There is another publication on food which everyone should read, i.e., "Will Food Win The War?" by Andrew Stewart, published by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and the Canadian Association for Adult Education, and selling for ten cents. It gives a brief account of the food situation in the Axis countries and in the United Nations. It is not cheerful reading but it is highly convincing. Briefly the Axis countries can get by, but the United Nations with both Great Britain and Russia needing great imports of food over long perilous sea lanes can't, without using a great amount of shipping space for food. Obviously the United States and Canada are sources of much of this necessary supply, therefore to bring it right home to our own kitchens, Canadians must be prepared to sacrifice their own choice of food to allow these shipments which are even more vital than guns. A gun won't go off and hit its mark unless it has a decently fed gunner operating it. Therefore when we are asked to do without pork or cheese or butter we'd better remember that a war isn't won easily, not just by putting your savings into Victory loan—though that's one of the things that must be done—but by personal denials of many things we like.

With this rather sombre view of the food situation the English cook book looks pretty useful in Canadian kitchens. Not only does it consider economy of materials but of fuel. The author often suggests a method of cooking which involves bringing the mixture to a boil in a tightly covered pan and then turning off the heat and letting it stand, cooking in its own juice for twenty minutes to half an hour and then putting the heat on again for a short time before serving. She suggests quite a number of desserts which require no cooking at all, and strongly advocates the use of the fireless cooker, which anyone can manufacture for themselves.

Here are a couple of the recipes given in this book so that you can see for yourself how useful it could be.

Ghoulash Knockies

Any odd bits of meat can be used, preferably beef. All you want to make sure of is your pieces are not much larger than about half an inch to an inch. With a little dripping make a rather thick gravy. Season this gravy highly with salt, pepper, if possible paprika and, if you can get it, any kind of tomato sauce or juice or purée. If nothing else is available use generously some kind of bottled sauce or chutney or both. Even half a bay leaf and two to three cloves will give the right flavor.

Add the meat pieces to the boiling gravy, stir for about two to three minutes over a rather high flame. Add a chunk of brown bread. Cover the saucepan with a lid and simmer until the meat is tender. It makes all the difference if you can put in a little onion—spring onion or leek at the beginning.

Knockies

Into one cupful of flour beat enough milk to make a thick batter. Add salt, pepper, grated nutmeg and one heaped teaspoonful of egg powder. Later the author says of egg powder "Do not hesitate to use this. It is perfectly harmless, in fact it is nothing but a raising agent colored for the sake of illusion." Personally I thought it was something out of which the school cook used to make a breakfast dish she called scrambled eggs, though it tasted quite unlike what good hens lay. To cook the knockies hold the basin with the batter over the goulash which must now be boiling. Tilt the basin, and while the batter runs slowly, flick little bits off with the spoon into the boiling ghoulash. According to your liking, you can make these knockies smaller or larger. Stir carefully and cook gently until the knockies have risen and are done.

Josephine Terry, like all good nutritionists these days advocates cooking vegetables as short a time as possible in as little water as possible and saving the water to be used for soups, etc. She gives a way to use spinach juice which I have never met before and which might interest you.

Spinach Julep

When you strain your cooked spinach, reserve the stock for this dish. Taste for salt and if necessary add more. Season with pepper. Add gelatine according to the directions given on the packet. Add three quarters of the gelatine suggested for your quantity of liquid if you have only a short while in which to leave it to set. If you have plenty of time, or if you have a refrigerator, use only half the quantity. The jelly should be eaten as a firm substance, but not so solid that the spoon cuts through it.

Wouldn't spinach jelly be fine on lettuce for a luncheon salad? This is only a sample of this book. There is a mayonnaise which can be made without any oil, and a cake that needs no cooking. Better buy it and watch your bills fall.

AD NAUSEAM

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Is still to say
That I might find the singing overlong
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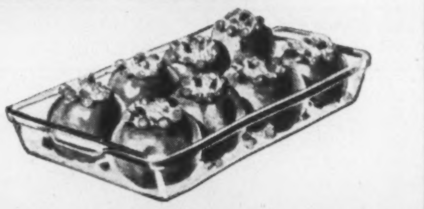

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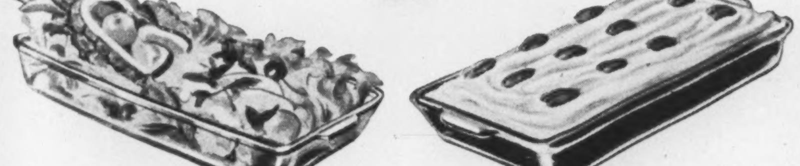

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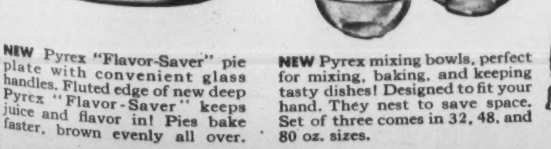

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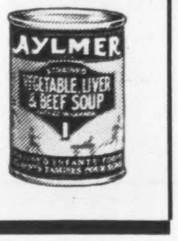

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"COMFORT IN A CUP"

THE LONDON LETTER

"Federation of Youth" Proposed in Britain

BY P. O'D.

NO DOUBT it is the part of wisdom to learn from our enemies. And, no doubt, one of the most successful features of Hitler's policy—successful at least from the Nazi point of view—has been his enrolment of youth in the service of the State (with a big, big S).

All observers in Nazi Germany seem agreed that German youth has not only been brought actively into the service of the State, but that it is fanatically devoted to it. It is one of the great problems that will some day confront the Allies—how the devil to straighten out the kinks that have been so carefully twisted into their young minds?

At the same time, there are a good many people in other countries—even in this one—who look with a certain envious admiration on the thoroughness of the Nazi system with youth. Not that they would imitate its obviously vicious features, but that they might find some way of arousing a similar devotion to national ideals—only a very different set of ideals—some way of giving to young people between the difficult ages of 14 and 18 a similar feeling of high responsibility. And so we have the Conservative Party's Committee on Education bringing in a report, in which they advocate the formation of a Federation of Youth, membership in which will be compulsory.

"We realize" says the report, "that the recommendations we are making must ultimately involve compulsion." It hastens to add that this would be neither desirable nor effective until there is an adequate provision of facilities and leaders. But the element of compulsion is clearly there—and for the service of the State—"to ensure as far as can be done opportunities for the training of body, mind and character, as well as for collective discipline."

There is an ominously familiar ring about all this, and already a good many people are shaking their heads very doubtfully over it. "Compulsory training" and "collective discipline" are not phrases to which English people respond very readily or eagerly. They may submit to such things in time of war, but only so far as they must. And this is not put forward as a war-time measure, but as "a long-term objective to prevent youth slipping back when the war is over into the slough of despond and cynicism."

All very high and worthy objects, my masters, and this may—or again may not—be the most effective way of realizing them. But compulsory enrolment in a Federation of Youth! It is certainly not the English way. I very much doubt whether this new plan of the Conservative Committee on Education will go very far in its present form.

Already members of the Party are being careful to point out that it is not to be regarded as official policy, but merely as a suggestion, a basis for discussion. As such it may do good, even if it only leads to a further development of the present voluntary organizations and a greater measure of Government support for them.

Several of these organizations are already doing excellent work and on a large scale. They might even be usefully combined in some sort of federation. But there's a general feeling that it is no good trying to gather in English youngsters like so many calves at a round-up, dragged in at the end of a rope to have the national brand burned into their hides. They aren't that kind of cattle.

Great is the Fall

"Let the buyer beware" is a grim and ancient piece of advice. And surely nowhere is it more pertinent than when we come to the buying of pictures. The masterpiece of to-day, for which wealthy collectors pay out their thousands of Guineas, may be the mere wall-covering of to-morrow—the sort of thing you put up to hide the discolored patch where the damp came through.

On the other hand, there was a time when you could get a Gauguin or a Cezanne for almost nothing. That is what makes picture-collecting the great gamble that it is. Only the very wisest connoisseurs are able to beware—and also to be aware.

A sad sidelight on the fall in the value of paintings, once acclaimed as masterpieces, is furnished by the records of the recent sale at Christie's of the collection of the late Sir Jeremiah Colman—the "Mustard King." Among his most prized possessions was Burne-Jones's huge "Love and the Pilgrim." It was bought in 1898 by the Duchess of Sutherland for 5,500 guineas, after a spirited contest.

"A mighty plucky bid!" said the great Sir William Agnew, himself a noted expert and the head of Christie's. I wonder if he suspected how very plucky it was.

Sir Jeremiah thought he had done something extremely clever when he got it nine years ago for 200 Guineas. Last week it went for twenty!

And the world-famous picture of "Hope" by G. F. Watts—you know, the blindfolded girl with the lyre, sitting on top of the world. Few pictures have been so much admired as that one, or so often reproduced. Sir Jeremiah bought it in 1913 for 1,500 guineas. Last week's price was 90—and no opposition at all. No one seemed to want it. But the purchaser was a dealer, and he probably knows someone who might. These lads don't buy such things to keep.

The war, you may say. But no, it isn't the war. All sorts of artistic things are fetching very high prices—but not these Victorian masterpieces. It must be that people don't think them so artistic as their grandfathers did.

GASLESS LULLABY

ROCK-A-BYE, motor car,
Near the hill top;
Both of your back wheels
Are held by a rock.
If that won't stop you
Then down you will fall
And there will be salvage,
War whoops and all.

GILEAN DOUGLAS.

When Parachutes Were Born

(*Continued from Page* 12)

a bad one. Years later it was demonstrated successfully. The wobble was eventually disposed of by leaving an aperture at the top of the 'chute. Garnerin had already demonstrated the effect of the aperture, so why it took so many years to receive acceptance is a little difficult to understand.

Experimental Jumps

You would not be far wrong if you estimated the last twenty-five years as the period of production of the modern parachute, and probably a little less than that. It had to be something different from the old balloon parachute, easy of operation, and one that did not occupy too much room, or incommode the flyer too greatly.

How many experimental jumps have been made to discover not only the secret of the perfect 'chute, but also the secrets of parachuting it is impossible to state, but there have been no lack of courageous experimenters. One of the most thrilling, and one which called for cold-blooded intrepidity, was the delayed drop. This put an end to the old fashioned idea that a man became unconscious during a fall. A 1938 record was set up by a Frenchman who dropped five miles five hundred yards and did not open his 'chute till he had fallen five miles. The speed of drop depends upon the weight of the man and the condition of the atmosphere, but about one hundred and fifty miles an hour is the accepted estimate of it.

Landing is also one of the fine points of parachuting. The impact may vary from that experienced by an ordinary jump of from four to nine feet, and it is easy to receive injury unless the art of it is understood. Indeed, coming down to safety by 'chute is a feat about which much had to be discovered to avoid disaster.

Maybe it was because there was so much to learn about landing by parachute that it took so many years to overcome the prejudice from which the invention suffered. During the Great War there were quite a number of fairly proficient types which might, at least, have saved many lives had they been used, but they were not taken up for various technical reasons. Parachutes were, of course, used during the last war. The sight of an observation balloon going up in flames and of the observers baling out was not an infrequent one. They used the fixed type which were not altogether suitable for ordinary flying purposes.

What a great deal of experiment, patience, and gallantry has gone to the production of the modern parachute is little realized and sometimes forgotten, but it has been well worth while. The news that so many of our planes were lost, but so many of our pilots were saved, has become a continuous testimony to the inestimable value of the work of the parachute pioneers.

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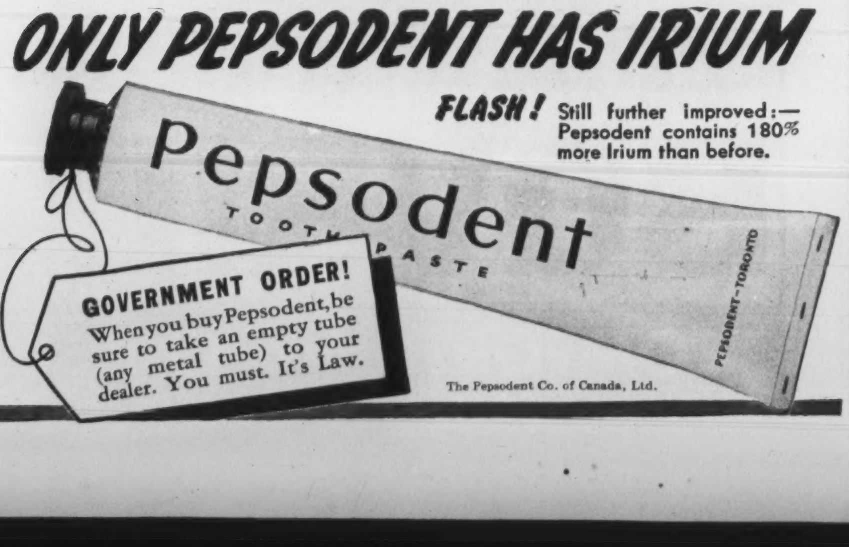

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THE OTHER PAGE

Harvest Home

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

THERE was the house, the same and yet too quiet; here were the rooms, bare and a little dusty.

"Here's my hammer right where I left it," Miles cried in wonder that any object in a house of constant losing and finding should have remained so long in one place.

"Oh Gloria," Sheila crooned full of remorseful tenderness for the doll she had left behind. "You've still got on the same red dress. I'll change it right away."

John ran swiftly back and forth, carrying suitcases upstairs.

"Where are you off to?" his mother asked as he plunged through the kitchen. "It's dark outside."

"I want to see my pumpkins." Though he had scarcely thought about his pumpkins during the first six weeks at the cottage, for the last week or two he had thought of very little else. It was his habit to plant whatever vegetables appealed to him and leave them through July and August to the unmitigated care of nature.

"You have to weed a garden if you want it to grow," Leslie had warned her son when he first planted potato eyes in the plot beside the garage.

"Weeding is a superstition," he had answered loftily. "I'll hoe them till we leave and then they'll be strong enough to look after themselves. How can I weed them anyway when I'm at the cottage?"

Even the June hoeing had been sporadic and he had left slender plants and white-butterfly blossoms peering bravely over a ground cover of nameless green. In September the family had actually eaten potatoes of John's own planting, each the size of a rather small marble. The next year they had enjoyed miniature carrots, red marbles of beets and even ears of corn three inches long. This year he had planted pumpkin seeds while Miles and Sheila concentrated on lettuce.

Lettuce, of course, had produced such rapid returns that John in the latter weeks of June had watched his brother and sister with some envy. Leaf lettuce sold at three bunches for ten cents at the Chinese fruit store, accordingly Miles and Sheila charged the same price, but while the store delivered bunches like crisp corsages, the children produced tasteful groupings of three or four leaves each.

"But ours is washed," Sheila pointed out, "and look how fresh it is, and besides we use part of the money for war savings stamps."

By the time school closed, the lettuce plants had ascended into reddish-green pagodas of widening leaves with a peculiarly tough and bitter taste, but Leslie continued to buy and serve them.

"Wait till you see my pumpkins in the fall," John said, a little wistfully.

"Pumpkins! You've got one skinny little plant and it hasn't even a flower yet."

"You wait. You'll buy my pumpkins, won't you, mom?"

"Of course. John will provide our Thanksgiving pies."

When Arthur came to the cottage for week ends, he had steadfastly refused to report on the state of the pumpkins. "Just tell me if the vine's alive," John insisted, at one point. It was alive, it bore blossoms. His father would tell nothing more.

"I CAN'T see," John cried now, charging into the house again. "Where's the flashlight?"

"In the new dunnage bag, I think. Get to bed, Sheila dear."

The flashlight appeared in the last piece of luggage; Miles had dressed again, Sheila wore a coat over her bathrobe, even Leslie, turning from the welter of undigested luggage, followed John's firefly gleam. Arthur calmly continued to sort out running shoes.

The garden looked strange, its summer growth obscurely exposed by the pale moving light. Plants they had left in pride were quenched by widening newcomers so that only one pansy greeted them with a familiar face.

"There aren't any pumpkins," Sheila taunted. "I bet our lettuces are as high as the garage, don't you, Miles?"

"Look!" John held his dim circle of light upon something pale green, rigid and as thick as Sheila's wrist.

"A snake," Sheila gasped.

The light moved toward and wavered upon a vast flat green object with deeply pointed edges. Leslie's voice lowered respectfully as she asked, "What is it, John?"

Miles whispered, "A leaf can't be as big as that."

"A pumpkin leaf can."

"You can't eat pumpkin leaves," Sheila found breath to jeer.

"You can eat pumpkins. Look." But here the light was too faint, they looked into a green tangle which now gave up a rounded solid shape and now only woven shadows. "If you can't see, feel."

"Children, you're wet to the ankles. Come now. You can look tomorrow."

"Miles felt, didn't you, Miles?" John encouraged as they trailed to the house.

"Well," Miles muttered, "I felt something."

LESLIE was wakened early next morning by John being quiet outside her door. None of the children ever meant to wake her but they were quiet, sometimes, with an energy which brought her upright and staring.

"Three!" he whispered loudly.

"Three what?" His disgusted look reminded her. He clasped his hands and extended his arms in a huge circle. "Not really?"

"Bigger. Come on."

"Coming." Miles and Sheila were bounding about in the wet grass, uncombed and radiant.

"One's starting to turn yellow. I never knew they could be so big. And the leaves—!" From the wrist-wide stem rose at stately intervals crisp leaves broader than dinner plates. The great vine circled almost the whole garden plot and under the shadow of its enormous leaves, Leslie saw the wet gleam of smooth dark green surfaces.

"Why, John, they're enormous. I never dreamed—" From their ends orange streaks faded into the rich green of those glossy sides. The orange stain widened and spread, as the days passed, and John seemed to widen too with joyful, possessive pride. Miles and Sheila were the wistful ones now.

When John talked eagerly of the coming of frost when he would harvest his treasures and of Thanksgiving when the family would enjoy them, Miles and Sheila sat silent. Now, when brisk air and golden tints made one want to gather in and store away, they had nothing to harvest. Then suddenly they were themselves again and swelling with a secret.

"Don't look in the garage, mom, anyway not in the doll carriage."

"I won't, but John will, won't he?"

"We're not going to tell him not to look. I've got the carriage covered to look like dolls."

NOW they went eagerly to school and came home late. John was often away playing rugby so that he did not notice their dartings to the garage. But one morning Betty, Sheila's constant companion, rang the bell.

"Why, Sheila went a long time ago. She went to your house."

"No. I was waiting on the steps."

Dick, Miles's friend, came trotting up the walk. "Where'd Miles go? I waited and he didn't come."

At noon she asked mildly, "Where did you go?" Sheila and Miles looked at each other, looked away and burst into strangled giggles.

That night it blew hard, one of those early autumn gales which bring down leaves in showers and warn with winter's earliest voice of colder gales to come. An hour after she had gone to bed, Sheila was heard calling stealthily to Miles. Leslie went upstairs.

"Miles is asleep, dear."

"No, he isn't. I just wanted to tell him something."

"Shall I tell him for you?" Leslie asked impulsively and realized at once that the confidence was likely to be too intimate for her handling. However, Sheila answered promptly, "Just say 'Wind. The wind's blowing.' "

"Yes, but you don't mind that. You and Miles are too big now—"

"Of course," Sheila sighed impatiently. Her cheeks were so pink that Leslie touched her forehead, as usual suspecting fever. "Just tell him 'wind'—"

Miles too was sitting up in bed, his face too was glowing.

"Sheila says to tell you the wind is blowing," Leslie said rather feebly against the rattle of the panes.

"I hear it. Tell her 'Swell!' "

THEY were ready for breakfast before she had breakfast ready for them and out of the house almost before they had eaten it. Happening to pass the window at lunch time, Leslie saw a tiny doubled old woman come hobbling across the street. Her jacket stood out stiffly at the sides, her skirt was turned up all round above the level of her knees and stuffed into pouch shape, her feet shuffled, her knees rubbed against each other under the pressure of some almost unsupportable weight. The burdened little crone staggered into the garage from which three minutes later Sheila came skipping out.

"Mom, that was the most I ever got at once—" She stopped short and laughed. "I didn't mean to tell you."

"What were you carrying? You could scarcely walk."

"The most I ever—Eighty-eight all at once!"

"Eighty-eight what?"

"That was why we hurried so. The wind. We've been waiting for a good wind to bring lots down. Eighty-eight was good, wasn't it? I don't know where I'd have put another one."

"Another what?"

"Horse chestnut."

"So that's what you're collecting."

"Come and see." Outside the door they met Miles stooped between perilously weighted coat pockets. "I told her," Sheila explained. "I got eighty-eight. I bet that's more than you did."

NO ONE spoke of what was happening to the children's harvest until Sheila herself made the admission. Her mother found her busy with a cloth and the can of floor wax. "I thought I'd just polish some of mine up a little," she said lightly. "They look kind of dull." Wax seemed not very effective, water was worse.

"Bob says to wrap each one in newspaper and it'll stay bright," Miles contributed. He cut squares of paper and wrapped a test dozen but they emerged a few days later looking like the others. The children moved their harvest constantly from place to place. The garage was draughty, the cellar damp. The deterioration in the appearance of the chestnuts could no longer be overlooked and Sheila of her own accord removed the row from the mantel.

"They were such beauties," she said sadly. The firm full shapes no longer filled the hand, their skins grew too big for them and fell into wrinkles and hollows. The rich satiny gloss was gone, the surfaces were dull now and seemed lighter in color.

Sheila neatly arranged hers in baskets and covered them with the red netting which had enhanced the glow of peaches. Red netting did not improve the appearance of chestnuts but it gave Sheila a comforted feeling that she had done something for them. Now they talked sometimes of other things, even of John's pumpkins and of Thanksgiving.

All three of them helped in the cutting up, steaming and straining of the sacrificial pumpkin. Then they left their mother to convert the golden pulp into pies and wandered into the garden. It was warm again —summer but for drifting leaves and crimsoned sumac.

"These things can't stand here all winter," John said, kicking one of the red-veiled baskets. Leslie remembered the time, two or three weeks ago, when Sheila would not leave her treasures out of doors for fear someone would take them.

"We need them," Sheila cried quickly, "I'll keep them in my room."

"Get the trucks," John ordered and Miles brought down the file of metal and rubber toy trucks in which they had invested a good part of their allowances. "Sheila, you be the supply depot and send loads up to the front when I radio for them. Miles, you make them give the password and check what goes past."

"How can I send loads up when the trucks are empty?" Sheila asked.

To be allowed to enter into John's serious and complicated games was an unfailing honor for his younger brother and sister. Loud cries came in to Leslie but they were crisp and cooperative. An unusual good feeling pervaded the army supply line and its officers came in beaming to the fragrance of cooling pumpkin pies.

"They're just the thing," John pronounced and Sheila and Miles nodded at each other.

"We wanted something to fit in the trucks for cargo," Miles explained. To furnish something John could use was for him an accolade. "We tried a lot of things that didn't work but now it's perfect. Chestnuts. They just fit in and they don't break or spill and they can be barrels and boxes and we've got so many. They're what we've always needed."

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 21, 1942

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Record War Traffic Rides the Rails of Canada

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

J. Gerald Godsoe

IN AN industrial plant they would probably call Gerry Godsoe a "trouble shooter." In Ottawa, where he has gone to work with Chairman Henry Borden of the Wartime Industries Control Board, he's to be known as Associate Co-Ordinator of Controls, which means about the same. In the one capacity, literally speaking, he'd be the man responsible for keeping the gears of industry smoothly meshed; in the other it will be his task to help keep Canada's war machine rolling along in top gear.

And because it is generally accepted that the W.I.C.B. has one of the toughest jobs on record — that of co-ordinating the work of Canada's 13 controllers—it may be assumed that Mr. Godsoe's capacity for hard work will be well-tested.

What such testing is likely to show, time alone can tell; but Godsoe's many friends are betting that whatever else may fail, it surely won't be he. His record thus far in life—he's only 38—convinces them of that!

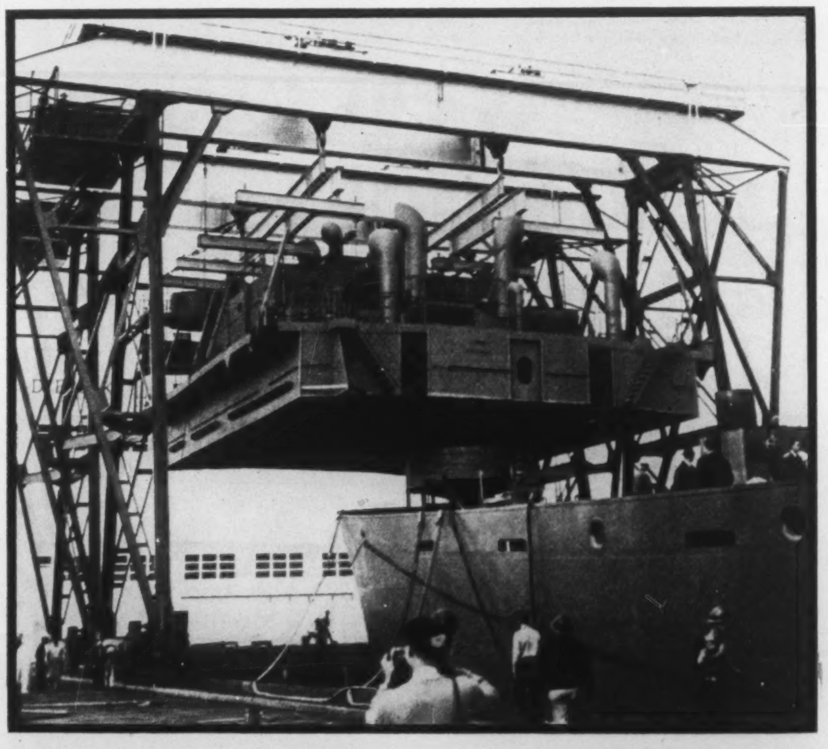
In private business Joseph Gerald Godsoe is assistant manager of Confederation Life Association. By profession he is a lawyer.

Mr. Godsoe was born in Halifax and is a graduate of Dalhousie University in arts and law. He was called to the bar in 1928 and began practice in the city of his birth. Later he relinquished his law practice to become private secretary to Cyrus Eaton, native born Nova Scotian, who became a leading industrialist and financier of the United States.

In 1931 Mr. Godsoe joined the Confederation Life Association, forming its legal department. He became assistant solicitor in 1934, solicitor and executive assistant in 1936 and assistant general manager in 1939. He has handled many negotiations with foreign governments for his company, particularly in Latin-America where his work took on the character of goodwill building and public relations. Because of this experience alone his services should prove of exceptional value in his new work at Ottawa which calls for a high degree of diplomatic tact, to the end that many departments may be co-ordinated for the common objective of winning the war.

Despite much time spent travelling in the interests of Confederation Life, Mr. Godsoe has never been so occupied with his immediate job that he has been unable to take an active part in the intellectual and cultural life of his community. He is an executive of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and a member of the Court of Referees under the Dominion Unemployment Insurance Act. He has served on various committees of the Canadian Life Insurance Officers Association and at present is chairman of the Committee on Group Sickness and Accident Insurance and of the Committee on Social Insurance. Last spring he became president of the Canadian Club of Toronto and as such is one of the youngest men ever to be elected to that responsible position in the organization's history.

In Ottawa, Mr. Godsoe will work closely wih the Department of Munitions and Supply and together with Henry Borden and Gordon Fogo of Halifax will co-operate with Donald Gordon, chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, and Elliott Little, director of Selective Service.



Four days, fifteen and one-half hours! That's the time it took last week to build a Kaiser Liberty Ship, one of which is here pictured in process of assembly from pre-fabricated parts. Thus was set a further record for speed in shipbuilding methods that are making possible the launching of cargo ships faster than Axis submarines can sink them. (Previous record for a similar ship: ten days, eleven hours and fifty-five minutes, from keel-laying to launching.) This latest production in the Kaiser manner, a 10,500-ton freighter, the "Robert E. Peary", was assembled in a California plant and was expected to be delivered, fully outfitted, to the U.S. Maritime Commission before Monday of this week. The "Peary" was reported to have been 91 per cent complete when she was launched.

BY D. B. WALLACE

Canadian railways in 1942 will break all previous records. Present traffic is above that of 1939 and about two-thirds greater than peak of last war. Operating ratios also at record low level.

The railways are not only carrying a record volume of freight and passengers, but have also established many new traffic channels due to war demands. In addition the rail carriers are carrying traffic which formerly moved by road.

Record rail traffic reflects industrial revolution taking place in Canada as result of the tremendous output of war goods.

MOVING men and material where they are needed, when they are needed, is a gigantic task, but the nation's railways have won this battle of transportation.

With war production continuing its spiral upward, and more men and women daily joining the armed services, the titanic task of transporting and supplying our highly geared war economy over long distances and on a mass basis has fallen largely on the railways.

While the railways have been short on words they have been long on action. In 1939 the railways were ready. By 1942 they have proven that they could handle the nation's greatest volume of traffic without difficulty. The railway success story is, in itself, a reflection of the industrial revolution which is taking place in Canada as a result of the nation's tremendous output of war goods.

A few striking figures such as the following, gleaned from the operating records of the Canadian Pacific in the Montreal area, bring home the fact that the railways are functioning with speed and efficiency never before equalled.

Engines are being despatched at the rate of one every 8.2 minutes.

During last year at Angus Shops a locomotive was repaired every 8 hours and 27 minutes.

A passenger car went through the shops every two hours and 11 minutes.

Freight cars were repaired at the record rate of one every eleven and a half minutes.

This year Colonel J. A. Cross, Chief Commissioner of the Board of Transport Commissioners, estimates that Canadian railways will handle 60 billion ton miles of revenue freight. Last year they carried 50 billion ton miles. This is the largest volume ever handled. It is nearly three times the movement reported in 1933.

Briefly, the freight and passenger figures released by Colonel Cross for the present record year compare as follows with former peak periods and low points,—

	Freight carried
1942	60 billion ton miles
1941	50 billion ton miles
1933	21 billion ton miles

	Passengers carried
1942	45 million
1933	19 million
1920	51 million

Not only is present railway traffic 100% above that at the outbreak of war, but it is also about two-thirds greater than at the peak of the last war. The present huge traffic volume is also being handled with proportionately fewer men and rolling stock than in 1914-18.

Freight traffic measured in revenue ton miles is by far the largest in history. Even for 1941, a year which is now being bettered, total freight moved by Canadian railways was 49.7 billion revenue ton miles, which was 20% above the previous record high in 1928 and 60% above the peak in the last war which was reached in 1917.

Passenger traffic on the same basis reached the highest monthly total ever recorded in July 1942 of 511.4 million revenue ton miles which was an increase of 175% over the same period in 1939. A total of 3.1 billion revenue passenger miles in 1941 was approximately the same as the peak of the last war in 1918.

Canada's two sea-to-sea railway

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Essential—for War or Peace?

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THE Third Victory Loan Slogan "Nothing matters now but Victory" was right enough in spirit but literally it was very wrong; in fact exactly the opposite of what every forward-looking citizen believes. Certainly if we lose the war we have nothing, but even with victory we may not have a great deal if we have not, in framing our plans for victory, made some preparations for meeting the problems of the post-war world, and, not least of them, the immediate difficulties that will arise with the return of peace.

Of the latter, the most immediate and pressing will no doubt be the provision of employment for the men and women of the fighting services and those of the munitions industries. A problem that was serious enough after the last war is made immensely more difficult this time not only by the much greater numbers in the supply industries but also by the relatively lesser ability of industry and trade to provide jobs for them. This decline in reabsorptive power of industry will not be due to any fault of industry itself but to the great reduction in capacity of non-war industry resulting from the necessary diversion of so much production from peace to war purposes.

Switch Back More Difficult

You cannot, of course, switch industry from war to peace production nearly as easily as you can switch it from peace to war. In the latter case war orders were waiting, there was an assured market for the products, financing was easily arranged, essential labor was provided. But in the switch-back from war to peace many business firms will find that they have lost the trade connections and marketing organization which had taken years to build and were so necessary to their functioning, the assured markets of wartime will exist no longer, their machinery for peacetime production will be out-of-date and new machinery difficult to obtain, and in many cases the demand for the product will have disappeared, either as a result of a change in public taste or—perhaps more likely—because the product will have been superseded in public usefulness by some wartime development. We can be certain that many concerns which have gone into war-work or "closed for the duration" will actually never resume peacetime operation.

Of course such casualties are inevitable when a nation goes in for total war, and there is little public complaining, even though many of the concerns closed are little ones built on individual savings on which the owners are wholly dependent. Much more important than the public's present reaction are the future effects of these closures in diminishing the volume of business capable of providing re-employment after the war.

We may well wonder whether the control authorities are giving thought to this point when they throw "non-essential" business on to the war scrap-heap. It's so much easier to say that everything must give way to the war than it is to try to reconcile war and after-war requirements that we are probably justified in being a bit cynical.

Economic Loss to Post-War

The fact is that there is an economic loss to the post-war to place against wartime gains when even really and completely "non-essential" enterprises are broken up for their materials and manpower. The more debatable the matter of essentiality, and the smaller the possible yield in materials and manpower, the more reason is there to consider the certain usefulness of the future against the doubtful uses of the present. And maybe sooner than we used to think, the war's going to be over and right then the very businesses which are now classed as non-essential will be back in the essential class—essential as providers of employment, important as providers of goods. If they've become war casualties, the immediate post-war situation is going to be that much more difficult.

This column is not arguing that the war effort should suffer in order to keep non-essential businesses alive, but rather that when any enterprise has to be sacrificed to total war, it should be because its manpower is required rather than because of general "non-essentiality."

Another reason why non-war business should be kept in as healthy condition as possible that the pressure toward inflation is likely to be greater after the war than it is now and that, in this respect, much will depend upon the ability of business to produce the goods which will then be wanted in abundance to make up the shortages of wartime. Money will be abundant immediately after the war, and, if goods are not, there will certainly be trouble. Every unnecessary cutting-off of non-war business now thus increases the inflation dangers of the future.

systems are now operating on the most efficient basis since the last war, and their operating ratios are the lowest since that time. As will be noted from the statistics below, both lines have shown almost relatively the same improvement in operating efficiency over the former record year of business in 1928.

The operating ratio for the first 9 months of the current year is even slightly below that of last year's record and, if conditions remain favorable in the heavy traffic period during this fall, it is possible that the year end results will even exceed the favorable showing of the previous year.

Operating Ratios

	C.P.	C.N.
1928	75.75%	81.99%
1942	71.98%	76.83%

Total operating revenues for the two Canadian railway systems for the first nine months in 1942 amounted to $459 million, which contrasts with $234 million for the same nine months' period preceding the outbreak of war—December 1938 to August 1939, and is the largest total earnings for the period ever recorded.

Not only have the railways met the present terrific increased war transport needs without congestion or tie-ups, but they have also been the prime factors in the re-routing of many of the former established trade routes and creating entirely new vital traffic channels.

Considerable heavy bulk traffic such as lumber, which in normal times moved in heavy volume by water through the Panama Canal to England, now finds its way across the continent by rail. Not only has the volume carried reached an exceedingly high figure but the actual transit time, compared with the prewar movement, has been slashed about two-thirds.

From Sea to Rail

Much the same sort of thing has happened in Eastern Canada where coal from Cape Breton, which used to move largely by water in the open season to St. Lawrence river ports, now is carried all the way through by rail from Cape Breton to industrial centres throughout Quebec and Ontario. A large volume of western coal is also coming across the continent to great war plants in the East.

Considerable newsprint shipments from the Quebec mills which used to follow the river highways to United States points are now routed by rail to great American publishing houses. In fact, with the virtual disappearance of coastal steamship services, there is an overland movement of newsprint direct from Quebec by rail as far south as Mexico City.

Basically the same problem of ship losses has resulted in the development of a new rail traffic flow of bauxite from Arkansas to the great aluminium plant at Arvida in order to offset the shrinkage of tonnage of this vital raw material which used to move by water from British Guiana to the St. Lawrence.

Then there has been an extra traffic volume thrown on certain rail lines which, at the outbreak of war, were called on to provide a type of service to meet anything but heavy local traffic conditions. Perhaps the most striking case in point of this condition is the Northern Alberta Railways radiating out of Edmonton northward to Waterways and to the Peace River district northwestward. Today this jointly-owned railway line is breaking records monthly as cross-continent traffic continues to pour into Edmonton for despatch to Dawson Creek for the Alaska highway development and northward to Waterways for other vital defence works and United States army projects.

Passenger traffic is of record proportions and reflects both the increased travel due to war conditions and the indirect overflow coming back to the railways from the highways as motor cars and busses cease operating. It is generally admitted that the factors responsible for the increased passenger business are as follows:

1. Large personnel service movement.
2. Relatives and others travelling to visit service personnel.
3. War industrial workers.
4. Civilians.

Many special trains are being run in Canada also to run war workers in daily movements to munitions plants and in Montreal alone there is one line which carries 12,000 war workers daily.

While passenger traffic is exceptionally heavy, and recent Transport Controller rulings have wiped out special excursion fares and the like, it is still a fact that fewer passengers are being carried than in the all-time high year of 1920. However, while numbers moved are still somewhat below the previous record, it is a fact that the present passenger rates are the lowest in Canadian rail history, and average 1.8c per passenger mile.

Troop Movements

The contribution which the railways have made in facilitating service personnel movements and that of their relatives has been most significant. For instance, from Montreal to Vancouver, ordinary coach fare is $103.50, including tax. A member of the forces with a special annual leave ticket—one-third paid by the holder, one-third by the government, and one-third absorbed by the railways—actually has out-of-pocket expenses of only $19.25.

As service personnel have moved on one track, great freight trains have clicked along on another loaded with military supplies. In a mechanized struggle such as the present the railways are the only transport agency capable of carrying the heavy load. An outstanding case in point is the record rail movement of tanks and armored vehicles flowing in a steady stream to seaboard points to be convoyed to the world's battle fronts. On the vital rail traffic lane between Montreal and Halifax, rail business is now moving at about four times the peak of the last war.

In addition to the record war traffic now being moved by the railways, it is noteworthy that the carriers are also prepared to handle the nation's greatest wheat crop in history. What volume will actually move depends actually on storage conditions. However, the rail organization is geared to move the maximum needed to meet war demands.

In addition to the straight railway operations, Canada's two transportation systems are providing essential air services both east and west and north and south as well as making their steamship ocean tonnage available for war needs. There is the additional fact that both railways are amongst the largest munitions manufacturers in the Dominion.

Canada's railways, long the backbone of the nation's peacetime economic fabric, are now performing a history-making role as vital links in the global war supply chain of United Nations.

BECAUSE WE NEED SO MUCH OF This...
...WE MUST GET ON WITH LESS OF This

MEASURED by any standards, Canada's war effort has grown very great . . . and every training camp, every air field and school, every naval ship and dockyard, every booming war industry — must be supplied with telephone service. All this must be done in the face of diminishing reserves of telephone materials and line facilities. Though we are using and re-using every last piece of telephone equipment, we have reached the point where we often have to withhold telephone service for non-essential requirements. In this emergency your telephone company asks for your cooperation and your understanding. We regret our inability to supply everyone with telephone service — but first things *must* come first!

The Trans-Canada Telephone System and its member companies are doing their best to meet urgent war needs and at the same time satisfy growing civilian demands for essential telephone service.

TRANS-CANADA
TELEPHONE SYSTEM

● THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

GOVERNMENT
AND
CORPORATION
SECURITIES

A. E. AMES & CO.
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Business Established 1889
TORONTO
Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Victoria
New York London, Eng.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Notice to Shareholders and the Holders of Share Warrants

NOTICE is hereby given that a semi-annual dividend of 25c per share in Canadian currency, has been declared, and that the same will be payable on or after the 1st day of December, 1942, in respect to the shares specified in any Bearer Share Warrants of the Company of the 1929 issue upon presentation and delivery of coupons No. 58 at:

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
King and Church Streets Branch,
Toronto, Canada.

The payment to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 16th day of November, 1942, and whose shares are represented by registered Certificates of the 1929 issue, will be made by cheque, mailed from the offices of the Company on the 30th day of November, 1942.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th day of November to the 30th day of November, 1942, inclusive and no Bearer Share Warrants will be "split" during that period.

The Income Tax Act of the Dominion of Canada provides that a tax of 15% shall be imposed and deducted at the source on all dividends payable by Canadian debtors to non-residents of Canada. The tax will be deducted from all dividend cheques mailed to non-resident shareholders and the Company's Bankers will deduct the tax when paying coupons to or for account of non-resident shareholders. Ownership Certificates must accompany all dividend coupons presented for payment by residents of Canada.

Shareholders resident in the United States are advised that a credit for the Canadian tax withheld at source is allowable against the tax shown on their United States Federal Income tax return. In order to claim such credit the United States tax authorities require evidence of the deduction of said tax, for which purpose Ownership Certificates (Form No. 601) must be completed in duplicate and the Bank cashing the coupons will endorse both copies with a certificate relative to the deduction and payment of the tax and return one Certificate to the Shareholder. If Forms No. 601 are not available at local United States banks, they can be secured from the Company's office or the Royal Bank of Canada, Toronto.

Under existing Canadian Regulations:

(a) Payment of this dividend to residents of enemy or enemy occupied countries is prohibited.

(b) Payment thereof to residents of other portions of Continental Europe or of the French Empire and China is prohibited but such residents may direct the deposit to their credit in a Canadian Bank of all amounts payable to them.

(c) Other non-residents of Canada may convert this dividend at current Canadian Foreign Exchange Control rates into such foreign currencies as are permitted by the General Regulations of the Canadian Foreign Exchange Control Board. Such conversion can only be effected through an Authorized Dealer, i.e., a Canadian Branch of any Canadian Chartered Bank.

Shareholders residing in the United States may convert the amount of the current dividend into United States currency at the official Canadian Foreign Exchange Control rate by sending at their own risk and expense, coupons, or dividend cheques properly endorsed to The Agency of the Royal Bank of Canada, 68 William Street, New York City, which will accept them for collection through an authorized dealer, or direct to any authorized dealer of the Canadian Foreign Exchange Control Board.

Shareholders residing in countries other than the United States to whom payment is not prohibited as above noted may convert the amount of the current dividend by sending at their own risk and expense, coupons, or dividend cheques properly endorsed, to The Royal Bank of Canada, King and Church Street Branch, Toronto, Canada, or to any other authorized dealer or to The Agency of The Royal Bank of Canada, 68 William Street, New York City, U.S.A., with a request for a draft in such foreign currency as is permitted in settlement of same, but they should first satisfy themselves that this action is not prohibited by the Foreign Exchange Control Regulations of the country in which they reside.

By order of the Board,

W. J. WHITLING,
Secretary.

56 Church Street,
Toronto 2, Canada.
10th November, 1942.

International Petroleum Company, Limited

Notice to Shareholders and the Holders of Share Warrants

NOTICE is hereby given that a semi-annual dividend of 50c per share in Canadian Currency, has been declared, and that the same will be payable on or after the first day of December, 1942, in respect to the shares specified in any Bearer Share Warrants of the Company of the 1929 issue upon presentation and delivery of coupons No. 58 at:—

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA,
King and Church Streets Branch,
Toronto, Canada.

The payment to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 19th day of November, 1942, and whose shares are represented by registered Certificates of the 1929 issue, will be made by cheque, mailed from the offices of the Company on the 30th day of November, 1942.

The transfer books will be closed from the 20th day of November, to the 1st day of December, 1942, inclusive, and no Bearer Share Warrants will be "split" during that period.

The Income Tax Act of the Dominion of Canada provides that a tax of 15% shall be imposed and deducted at the source on all dividends payable by Canadian debtors to non-residents of Canada. The tax will be deducted from all dividend cheques mailed to non-resident shareholders and the Company's Bankers will deduct the tax when paying coupons to or for account of non-resident shareholders. Ownership Certificates must accompany all dividend coupons presented for payment by residents of Canada.

Shareholders resident in the United States are advised that a credit for the Canadian tax withheld at source is allowable against the tax shown on their United States Federal Income Tax return. In order to claim such credit the United States tax authorities require evidence of the deduction of said tax, for which purpose Ownership Certificates (Form No. 601) must be completed in duplicate and the Bank cashing the coupons will endorse both copies with a certificate relative to the deduction and payment of the tax and return one Certificate to the shareholder. If Forms No. 601 are not available at local United States banks, they can be secured from the Company's office or the Royal Bank of Canada, Toronto.

Under existing Canadian Regulations:

(a) Payment of this dividend to residents of enemy or enemy occupied countries is prohibited.

(b) Payment thereof to residents of other portions of Continental Europe or of the French Empire and China is prohibited but such residents may direct the deposit to their credit in a Canadian Bank of all amounts payable to them.

(c) Other non-residents of Canada may convert this dividend at current Canadian Foreign Exchange Control rates into such foreign currencies as are permitted by the General Regulations of the Canadian Foreign Exchange Control Board. Such conversion can only be effected through an Authorized Dealer i.e. a Canadian Branch of any Canadian Chartered Bank.

Shareholders residing in the United States may convert the amount of the current dividend into United States currency at the official Canadian Foreign Exchange Control rate by sending at their own risk and expense, coupons, or dividend cheques properly endorsed, to The Agency of The Royal Bank of Canada, 68 William Street, New York City, which will accept them for collection through an authorized dealer, or direct to any authorized dealer of the Canadian Foreign Exchange Control Board.

Shareholders residing in countries other than the United States to whom payment is not prohibited as above noted, may convert the amount of the current dividend by sending at their own risk and expense, coupons, or dividend cheques properly endorsed, to The Royal Bank of Canada, King and Church Street Branch, Toronto, Canada, or to any other authorized dealer or to The Agency of The Royal Bank of Canada, 68 William Street, New York City, U.S.A. with a request for a draft in such foreign currency as is permitted in settlement of same, but they should first satisfy themselves that this action is not prohibited by the Foreign Exchange Control Regulations of the country in which they reside.

By order of the Board,

J. R. CLARKE,
Secretary.

56 Church Street, Toronto 2, Canada.
10th November, 1942.

Clarkson, Gordon, Dilworth & Nash
TORONTO MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
Chartered Accountants
E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS
Authorized Trustees and Receivers.
15 Wellington Street West TORONTO

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

HUDSON BAY M. & S.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

In view of the uncertainty regarding gold, I am looking for a base metal investment, although I have decided to hang on to the golds I have. I have noticed at different times you have favored Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting, and would like some information as to its prospects.

—J. R. D., Truro, N.S.

Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting is one of the largest producers of base metals in Canada, with highly efficient management and large ore reserves. Its history is unique among base metal mines in that it has made an operating profit every month since production commenced in 1930, except during a short-lived strike. Probably it will be less affected than other such producers during the transition period after the war ends. The stock appears to offer attraction as an investment, although there is a ceiling on profits due to the contract with the British Government.

Fixed metal prices do not generally offer much inducement for expansion, but as with other base metal mines it is patriotism, not profits. Hudson Bay has enlarged its milling capacity and today is treating around 6,100 to 6,200 tons daily, as against 5,000 tons in 1940, which rate may still be increased another 100 or 200 tons.

The company's financial position is strong and the present yield around 8 per cent. Earnings this year, however, may possibly allow more than the regular payment of $2 a share. Minewise, the situation is excellent and this year there has been an improvement in grade. The company is active in outside exploration and additional attention has been focused on the shares through the extensive new chromite discoveries in the Bird River area of Manitoba as well as the interesting copper-zinc showing a few miles distant from the main property.

PHOENIX ELEVATOR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been trying, unsuccessfully, to ascertain the present condition of the Phoenix Elevator Co., Limited. Can you tell me anything?

—R. N. S., Sussex, N.B.

Phoenix Elevator Co., Limited, owns a grain elevator of about 2,000,000 bushels capacity at Fort William, Ont., which it has not operated for a number of years (I believe since 1934). Since 1938 the elevator has been under lease for a small rental,

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, for some months back, have been in a broad accumulation area, with various technical indications pointing to a major market upswing as having commenced from the April 1942 low points.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows with peaks, to date, but recently made. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

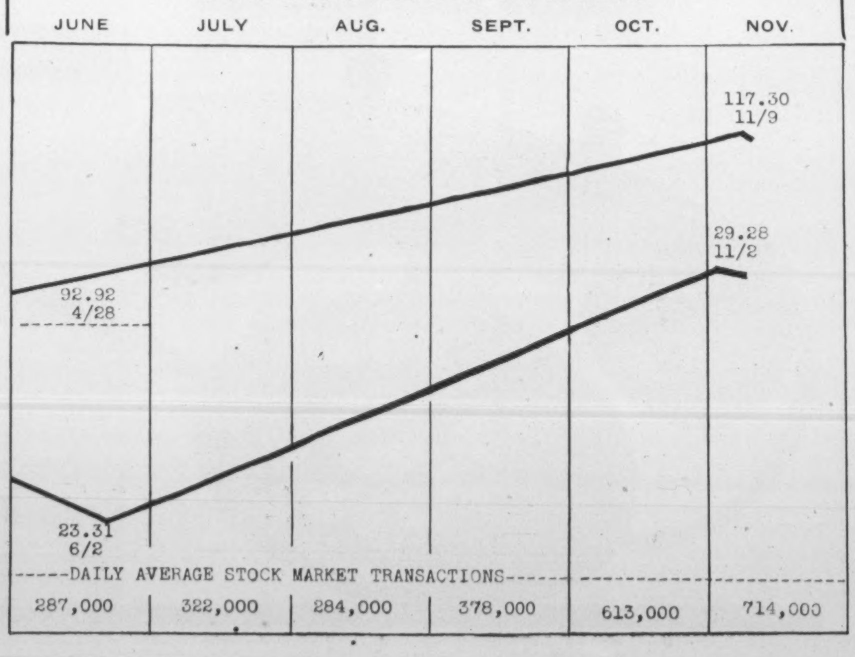
DYNAMIC DEVELOPMENTS STRENGTHEN LONG-TERM MARKET OUTLOOK

Developments of the past several weeks have been of a dynamic character. We refer to the Congressional election surprise and the opening of offensive military operations in North Africa. The American election returns, from the immediate, or one to two-year, standpoint, suggest (1) a better organization and direction of the war, (2) the stoppage of further New Deal legislation of a reform nature, (3) a great strengthening of the orthodox tax policies of Senator George, who recently stated that "any new tax legislation next year should be confined to compulsory loans and some adoption of a pay-as-you-earn principle."

Constructive elements in the North African offensive of the British and American armies lie in the benefit to Anglo-American morale that necessarily derives from aggressive action, in the direct military gains resident in the occupation of North Africa, and in the heartening effect that this wresting of the initiative from Hitler should have on other countries. It is to be anticipated that the Axis war machine will attempt a countermove. On the aggressive side would be a drive at the eastern end of the Mediterranean via Turkey, at the western end via Spain, or at the central section via Tunisia; on the defensive side, the withdrawal of all troops, other than those essential to the Russian front, to a concentrated defensive ring around Germany, from which heavy bombing raids could be launched against Britain.

On the basis of the above developments, the long-term position of the market, in our opinion, has been strengthened. Pending advance, however, in the rail average, as would be indicated by a close at or above 30.29, there remains the possibility of near-term price recession. In view of the length and extent of the upmove from April, however, we would not undertake further buying here.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES

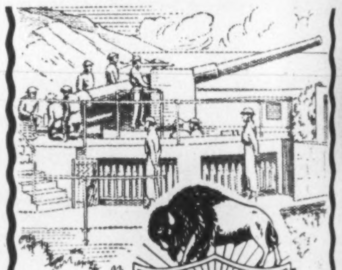


PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.

CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $66,000,000



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HOME FRONT SECURITY

The valiant armed forces of this Nation need the fullest support from behind the lines. The Portage Mutual, with 58 years of achievement in helping to build and maintain Canadian economic strength, stands on a solid foundation and is serving faithfully by providing sound insurance so necessary to the war effort at home.

FIRE and WINDSTORM

The PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.
WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON
110

PRESTON EAST DOME MINES, LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 13

NOTICE is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of five cents per share has been declared on the issued Capital Stock of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, January 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 23rd day of December, 1942..

By Order of the Board.

L. I. HALL,
Secretary.

Toronto, November 7th, 1942.

Lake Shore Mines Limited

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 91

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty Cents per share, on the issued capital stock of the Company, will be paid on the fifteenth day of December, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the first day of December, 1942.

By order of the Board.

KIRKLAND SECURITIES LIMITED
SECRETARY.

Dated at Kirkland Lake, Ontario,
November 14th, 1942.

LANGLEY'S LIMITED

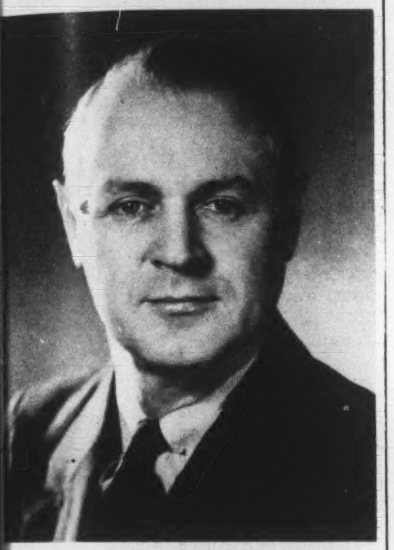
DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of .50c per share on the outstanding paid up Seven per-cent (7) Cumulative Redeemable Preference Shares of the Company, which was declared by the Board of Directors at a meeting held on January 27th, 1942, will be paid on December 11th, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 2nd, 1942.

By order of the Board.

P. G. SHAY,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, November 10th, 1942.



HUGH H. LAWSON, executive director of York Knitting Mills, Limited, Toronto, who has been elected president of the Canadian Woollen & Knit Goods Manufacturers Association. The Canadian woollen industry includes some 300 mills located in 147 cities and towns and large sections of the industry are engaged in producing woollen cloth, blankets and knit goods both for the Canadian forces and the armed forces of allied nations.

PICKLE CROW

GOLD MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND NO. 27

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Ten Cents (10c) per share in Canadian funds has been declared, payable on Thursday, December 31, 1942, to shareholders of the company of record at the close of business on Tuesday, December 15, 1942.

By Order of the Board

ROBERT FENNELL, K.C.,
Treasurer

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 16, 1942.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 364

A regular dividend of 1% has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 2nd day of December, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 18th day of November, 1942.

DATED the 11th day of November, 1942.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

McKENZIE RED LAKE GOLD MINES LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)
DIVIDEND NO. 24.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Quarterly Dividend amounting to three cents per share for the fourth quarter of 1942, has been declared, payable December 15th, 1942, to shareholders of record at close of business December 1st, 1942.

By Order of the Board,

H. M. ANDERSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ont., November 13th, 1942.

but insufficient funds have been available for interest payments on the company's 6 per cent 1st mortgage bonds due January 1, 1944, which have been in default for about twelve years. I believe that $438,000 of the bonds are outstanding. The trustee is the Royal Trust Company, and there is a Bondholders' Protective Committee, the members of which are M. Macpherson, Manitoba Superintendent of the Bank of Montreal; A. L. Crossin, representing the Mutual Life, and D. H. Laird, K.C. of Winnipeg. Head office of Phoenix Elevator Company is at Fort William. The company has been trying to sell the elevator for years.

JASON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some Jason Mines shares which cost me over 40 cents and was considering selling them around 8 cents, when it was recently reported the property had closed. Now, I notice the price has advanced and was wondering what has happened.

—W. A. M., Belleville, Ont.

Inability to secure sufficient labor to keep the mine operating forced the closing down of the Jason Mines' property at Casummit Lake, in the Patricia district. While having to close down for the duration, officials feel the ore situation is such as to promote confidence for substantial returns once the mine was reopened, and in the meantime a base metal property has been taken over.

An option has been obtained on the zinc-copper property of Tyee Consolidated Mining Co., on Vancouver Island, and a contract arranged with Metals Reserve Company for the metals to be produced on a profitable basis. It is expected the newly-acquired mine should be in profitable production in four months.

The intention is to form a new company which will take over all the assets of Tyee Consolidated, and Jason Mines will control and operate the new organization. On completion of financing Jason will own a 62½ per cent interest with all cash advances repayable out of first production.

GENERAL STEEL WARES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

How do this year's dividends of General Steel Wares Limited compare with last year's, please?

—C. D., Kamloops, B.C.

The recent declaration by General Steel Wares of another interim dividend of 20 cents a share on the common stock, payable December 1 to shareholders of record November 16, brings total payments on the junior issue to date this year to 50 cents. This is the same as the amount paid for 1941, when an initial payment of 50 cents was made on December 29. In June, 1942 an interim payment of 30 cents was distributed. In 1941, net income was equal to 70 cents a share on the common stock.

FETIVA IRON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to obtain some information about Fetiva Iron Mines and would appreciate any details you have concerning capitalization, acreage, results of previous work, etc. I might say that I always look forward to your Gold & Dross pages with interest.

—J. R. A., Port Arthur, Ont.

Fetiva Iron Mines Ltd., was organized to prospect 20 unpatented claims covering some 800 acres in the Bad Vermilion Lake area, about six miles southwest of Mine Centre. The claims are said to extend for over two miles along the central portion of the 12 mile long Seine Bay iron range. The company is capitalized at $50,000, in 10,000 $5 share units, of which 3,000 share units were issued for the property. It was announced in the spring that financing was being undertaken to provide funds for diamond drilling, and financing beyond the early program was proposed either by turning the property over to an operating company, or by forming a new company of larger capitalization, but I have seen no announcement of any developments since the formation of the company.

The iron deposits are said to consist of magnetite with a good percentage of titanium dioxide and some vanadium, the ore occurring in lenses of varying sizes from a few feet up to 65 feet. Considerable work was done by former owners and the possibilities were favorably reported on by Dr. W. L. Goodwin, who supervised operations during the last war. He reported that one lens 35 feet wide at the only place exposed on surface was 20 feet wide at a depth of 600 feet.

ECONOMIC INV. TRUST

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Any information you may have as to the progress of the Economic Investment Trust Limited would be appreciated.

—T. T. W., Ingersoll, Ont.

It was recently announced that net income of Economic Investment Trust, Limited, for the five months ended August 31, 1942, before income and excess profits taxes, amounted to $37,700, equal to 94 cents per share, compared with approximately $44,700, equal to $1.12 per share, for the corresponding period of 1941. Market value of the securities was well maintained in the first five months of the company's current fiscal year, amounting to approximately $2,250,000 at August 31, 1942, contrasted with $2,316,600 at March 31, 1942. Net asset value per share at the end of August approximated $30.

A half-yearly interim dividend of 62½ cents per share was paid October 1, 1942, and directors stated they will await the results of the full year before fixing the dividend for the current fiscal year. Final dividends of $1.37½ per share were paid for the 1941-42 and 1940-41 fiscal periods, bringing total distributions for those years to $2 per share.

COCHENOUR WILLANS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am thinking of selling some of my stocks and buying Cochenour Willans, as suggested by my broker. He states it has the making of a big mine and eventually should make up part of my losses. Any information you can give me as to its prospects will help me in deciding.

—L. R. J., Buffalo, N.Y.

While you do not mention the stocks you propose to sell, I might say I regard the prospects for Cochenour Willans as quite favorable, the ore situation there having shown considerable expansion in the past year, and, if times were normal the mine would likely be establishing new development records. Due to the type and character of the ore occurrences and their unpredictable nature no attempt has ever been made to estimate ore reserves, but mine manager Mackle in the annual report for the year ended May 31, commented that the present ore situation both as to grade of ore and potential tonnage was greatly improved over that of a year ago. And the consulting engineer J. A. Reid, after his examination of the property in August, pointed out that recent developments had considerably improved the future ore resources of the mine and that the property was in an extremely satisfactory condition.

Early development of this property was shadowed by some uncertainty, but a year ago the picture changed, with the discovery of a new type of structure and more definite ore bearing veins. The present excellent ore position is due to the fine results obtained from exploration and development of the new north east area of the mine on the 275 and 375-foot levels, which is the best yet developed in the mine, with the bodies more regular, both as to horizontal and vertical continuity, and the average grade above mine average.

Net profit last year was close to 14 cents a share and in the first quarter of the current fiscal year was 4½ cents, so with a continuation of conditions as at present it is possible 18 cents a share will be earned for the full year ending May 31, 1943. A dividend of three cents quarterly is being paid and given no setbacks it is reasonable to expect its continuation. The cash position is strong, working capital at the end of the fiscal year being close to $600,000.

HOUSES ARE SCARCE—
MANY FIRES ARE CAUSED
BY EASILY CORRECTED CONDITIONS
CHECK YOUR OWN HOME HAZARDS
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There is no type of investment available in this country which, from the standpoint of security of principal, attractive interest yield and ready marketability, can compare with
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GREAT SLAVE LAKE
WHITEHORSE
WATSON LAKE
FT. NELSON
Alberta
KODIAK
British Columbia
FT. ST. JOHN
DAWSON CREEK
KETCHIKAN
DUTCH HARBOR
PRINCE RUPERT
EDMONTON

ACCOMPLISHMENT
In these days of action, good intentions are not enough—getting the job done is what counts.
Arrange your affairs NOW to meet emergencies. Let us help you with some of your problems—your Property, your Investments, your Will. Our advice and assistance may prove of great value to you and save you much worry and uncertainty.
Preparedness is the surest road to peace of mind and security.
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THE
MONARCH LIFE
Assurance Company
A PROGRESSIVE CANADIAN COMPANY

Every place of business is exposed to hazards of public liability damage suits

Beware the Law of Negligence

Wherever there are people there are bound to be accidents and if someone were to be injured in *your place of business* you might find that simple accidents can be extraordinarily costly—to you. Even though such an injury should result from some circumstance of which you were totally unaware, the *laws of negligence* are such, that more than likely you would be found responsible. A "FEDERAL" PUBLIC LIABILITY INSURANCE policy is a commonsense and economical precaution that will bear the burden of your liability to the public and will give you financial protection against the ever present possibility of heavy damage suits.

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INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE — TORONTO

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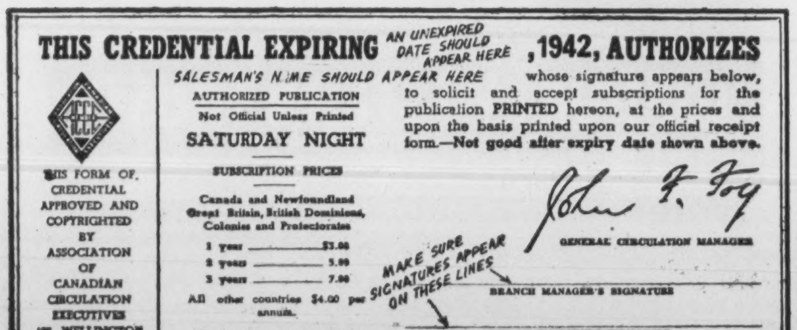

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Fire Waste Out of Line With Wartime Economy

BY GEORGE GILBERT

> **When the annual fire waste of the country is expressed in terms of money, that is, as amounting to so many millions of dollars, little indication is given of the real significance of the loss which has taken place and of its effect on the national economy, especially in time of war.**
>
> **Just a few years ago, before the war, stocks of goods, buildings and machinery destroyed by fire could easily be replaced, as there was plenty of material and labor available for the purpose. Not so today, for now the burning of a factory may mean the loss of goods or productive capacity urgently needed for the war effort, and which may be difficult or impossible to replace.**

MANY people make a quite natural distinction between incendiary fires and ordinary fires, although they are not different in kind but only in origin. The fire started by an incendiarist or arsonist has the same characteristics as one started by a cigarette stub, a short circuit, or defective heating equipment, and measures taken to extinguish them or to confine them to the smallest possible dimensions are necessarily the same.

It need scarcely be said that fires arising from causes that can be prevented or controlled have no place in a wartime economy, yet such fires have a decided tendency to increase in a war period. In 1941 the property loss from fires in Canada was $28,042,907, as compared with $22,735,264 in the previous year, an increase of $5,307,643. The per capita loss jumped from $2.01 in 1940 to $2.46 in 1941.

Some complacent observers regard such an increase in the fire waste as to be expected in view of the greater industrial activity in the country and the increase in production of war materials. For the most part, the public regard the fire loss figures with indifference, and the loss as inevitable in the present state of society and business. To meet these fire losses is regarded as the business of the insurance companies, which can well afford to pay them out of the premiums they have collected from their policyholders for the purpose. These fire losses are looked upon as private misfortunes, if not covered by insurance, and not of any public concern.

Money Loss and Real Loss

This attitude has been rightly described as utterly repugnant to the conception of a country engaged in a total war, in which machines and material resources play such a vital part. In this connection, attention has also been called to the fact that when the fire losses of a country are expressed in terms of money little indication is furnished of the real loss which takes place under present conditions.

Before the war, materials, buildings and machinery destroyed by fire could easily be replaced. The materials were available to the buyer and, in the case of imported goods, there were the transportation facilities to carry them from the country of origin. If a factory was destroyed by fire there was usually sufficient surplus capacity in other industrial plants of the same sort to make up for the lost output without much difficulty or delay. For the repair or reconstruction of damaged or destroyed buildings there was plenty of material and labor available. Today the situation is entirely different. Some goods and materials are irreplaceable, while others are only obtainable with difficulty and often only after much delay. Thus the destruction of a factory at the present time may mean the loss of materials and productive capacity urgently needed to prevent stoppages or slowdowns or bottlenecks in the manufacture of munitions and other war supplies.

Tendency to Increase

Fire losses are likely to further increase during the war unless more effort is made by governmental authorities, factory heads and individual workers to prevent their occurrence. Many factories and other buildings have been taken over by the government, and many temporary structures have been erected in order to house war industries and supplies needed for the armed forces which do not come under the influence of the insurance companies with respect to improved fire protection or the elimination or reduction of existing hazards. Absence of automatic sprinkler protection in many of these structures adds to the fire hazard.

To what extent these adverse factors are offset in the case of war industries working 24 hours a day and those under constant supervision of watchmen and fire wardens it is difficult to say. In Great Britain, as pointed out recently in an address by Mr. A. S. Hinshelwood, C.B.E., M.A., chairman of the Fire Offices Committee, fires do occur in factories working 24 hours a day, and a number of fires have also taken place for which fire watchers are known or are believed to have been unwittingly responsible. From figures compiled by members of the committee of which he is chairman, it appears that in 1941 and in the first six months of this year there were about 80 fires where there was evidence to suggest that the fires were connected with the presence of fire watchers on the premises.

Fire Watchers' Duties

On the other side of the account, however, fire watchers have detected and tackled many fires in their early stages which otherwise might have got beyond control. Fire watchers in Britain are required by statute to perform certain duties. Prior to August 15th of this year their duties were confined to fires occurring as a result of enemy action, but since that date their duties have been extended to include fires from other causes, and the hope has been expressed that this extension of duties will result in an increase of entries on the credit side.

It should be clearly understood that the greater the precautions taken in wartime to prevent or control ordinary fires, the greater will be the power of resistance to incendiary attack from the air should our cities and towns become the objects of air raids, whether on a large or small scale, as a desperate effort on the part of the enemy to do as much damage as possible before final collapse.

Incendiary Bombs

Some new light has recently been shed on the handling of incendiary bomb fires with which not only fire departments and auxiliary fire forces should be made familiar but also the men and women who may be called upon to protect their homes should the occasion arise. Changes have been made in German incendiary bombs, which include an explosive charge added to the 2-pound magnesium bomb. The explosive charge is set off by a time fuse, which may not act for several minutes or even not until the magnesium has burned out. There are also large incendiary bombs of over 100 pounds, which may contain thermite type filling, magnesium type filling, rubber impregnated incendiary pellets, a phosphorus-oil mixture, or a combination of these substances. The casing is split by a charge of TNT, and some may hold supplementary charges of TNT which go off later.

As it is almost certain that some of the incendiary bombs which may fall will contain explosives, a change in the method of dealing with them has become necessary. According to authorities who have studied the action of these bombs, use of a jet of water, which enables the operator to work at a greater distance, is recommended instead of the short-range methods employing sand or other smothering agents, or a spray of water. It is pointed out that sand in the form of bags or mats cannot be depended upon, because these bombs, upon explosion, have a greater fragmentation effect than the explosive incendiary bombs formerly used.

Against Spray and Sand

In fact, Director James M. Landis, of the U.S. Office of Civilian Defence, has stated that the public should be warned against the use of all such smothering agents as "bomb extinguishing" powders, also against such devices as scoops, grabs and snuffers, as they are entirely without merit and may endanger the lives of persons who depend upon them, and, further, that the use of spray and sand is no longer recommended because the possibility of fragmentation makes it too dangerous to approach the bomb near enough to apply them.

With regard to the protection afforded by walls, doors, tables and chairs, it is pointed out that a brick wall, 4½ inches thick, is considered to give *full* protection against the explosive charge now being used with a time fuse in small magnesium bombs, and that in walls built of outside bricks of the best quality a 3-inch thickness will prevent penetration. On the other hand, lath and plaster walls, wooden doors, tables or chairs do not afford full protection from the explosion of this charge. Personal risk, it is to be noted, may be greatly reduced by assuming a crouching or prone position behind the best available cover.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I have read your column for som time with a great deal of interes At the present time I am considerin purchasing some Life Insurance fro the Dominion of Canada General I surance Company. I have a sma policy with this company at t present time but in taking out fu ther insurance would it be advisab to switch to a company like t Mutual Life? This latter compa has been very highly recommende to me and I thought you could t me if they offer any policies wh would be more advantageous th those offered by the Dominion Canada General Insurance Compa

—M. K. C., Hamilton, O

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Wartime Profits in Britain

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Figures of British industrial profits, while looking decidedly reassuring on the surface, are considerably less so underneath, says Mr. Layton, since they reveal deficiencies in wartime economic planning and even graver shortcomings in post-war planning.

London:

WHENEVER the Excess Profits Tax is mentioned and the view expressed that there is no profit in this war, there is always a degree of cynicism among the audience. War is traditionally a thing of profit for some and a thing of loss for others. It is difficult to overcome the frame of mind which automatically assumes that in war the heavy industrialists, as well as those with broader inflation equities, must make hugely increased profits, and that the various devices of the Government to take the profit out of war can never be complete and must always lend themselves to evasion by the rogue.

The evidence afforded by the latest analyses of industrial profits made by the London *Economist* are therefore of importance. Dealing with 524 companies the index of gross profits showed stability in the four quarters of 1939 around 98. In the first quarter of 1940 it went to 101.2, subsided in the second quarter to 99.68, to 102.0 in the third, and came back to 99.49 in the last. The accounts published in 1941 showed, in the four quarters, 96.92, 99.17, 96.20 and 97.27, respectively. On gross profits war lays many burdens, and the index of net profits shows a striking decline. In 1939 the average was over 125. In 1940 it was down to around 118. In the first quarter of 1941 the index was .112.9, and it fell successively to 104.7, then to 101.0 and to 98.6 in the last quarter. 1942 opened with a figure of 96.5 and returned 93.5 in the second quarter.

That is the overall comparison, and it is a cogent argument against the opinion that there is still much more that can be done to bring home to industrialists the essentially altruistic nature of totalitarian war. It is also interesting to note that the companies which have been doing best are those concerned with consumption goods. Against all prediction, the store and brewery concerns have done well, and cinemas have been reaching record levels. The whipping-boys of tradition, the iron and steel, the motor and aviation industries have fared badly.

In one sense this fact should urge the Government to take action, not in the specific sphere of limiting profits further, but in the general one of attacking inflation. Here is an enemy which must be sought out and attacked wherever he may be found. He is to be found, obviously, since the index of profits which rises is the index of consumption goods companies, in wages, which still are expanding and pressing on a still-decreasing volume of goods.

There is another aspect to the position. The companies to which we shall look for a restoration of our overseas trade in the post-war years, and on which we shall mainly depend for domestic reconstruction, are those in heavy industry and in textiles. It has been pointed out often enough that the operation of war taxation is to remove from these concerns their potential life-blood in the coming days of competition. Their inability to plough back into the business large reserves of undistributed profit represents a real impediment to future reconstruction.

So far as the Government is concerned it cannot calmly envisage the necessity of adopting a large-scale policy of subsidies to enable Britain to fight the overseas trade fight successfully, and yet its present policy of taxation is such as to make that prospect appear inevitable if the present trend continues long. It is true that part of the Excess Profits Tax is returnable to industry after the war, but no one has said what sort of time lag will intervene before there is any return, and no one has enquired to what extent the value of money in terms of goods and services will have declined by the time the E.P.T. reflow is made.

It is easy and comfortable to rest financial argument on the basis of E.P.T. at 100 per cent and to say that this obviously is a total measure for total war and that there is nothing more to be done. There are, however, signs that a radical change in Britain's financial policy is overdue. Tax at 100 per cent conceals a lot of defects, even if it is a powerful political point of argument.

It will do little good if fine words are spoken now of what industry's job will be after the war, or if paper plans are laid now for recapturing overseas markets and reshaping the home economy, unless there is also, as the handmaid of broad economic policy, a definite financial policy to enable its implementation. It is surely time, too, that a firmer hand was laid on the developing plant of inflation, which now draws its main nourishment from the freedom of wages to rise. The equation between spending power and the revenues of expenditure continues to be drawn out still further.

These figures of company profits, therefore, while looking decidedly reassuring on the surface, are considerably less so underneath. They reveal deficiencies in wartime economic planning, and even graver shortcomings in post-war planning. It is well to take the profit out of war, but it is largely meaningless to do so unless inflation is also taken out of war. And it is in no sense a good thing to take out of industry in wartime the means on which we shall have to depend for a prompt restoration of trade later on.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE Lindsley group of Canadian mining companies have demonstrated the sound position in which they have been developed. This month no less than five of these companies have declared dividends. They are Beattie Gold Mines, Coniaurum Mines, Falconbridge Nickel Mines, Sherritt Gordon Mines, and Ventures, Limited. In war as well as in peace these organizations are a contributing force to the stability of the country.

•

Pickle Crow has put down its internal shaft to a depth of 430 ft. below the 750 ft. level. Owing to shortage of manpower further sinking has been discontinued. This work is part of a program to develop the north vein. The 430 ft. of sinking will open the way to three new levels. However, pending a more favorable supply of labor the mining of this north zone will not be pushed. The mill is operating now at less than 60 per cent of the average which prevailed in 1941. This is caused by manpower being more than 25 per cent below normal. The normal working force was around 312 men and this has dwindled to about 225 at present.

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Macassa Mines milled 11,000 tons of ore per month during the third quarter of 1942 compared with 11,000 tons per month in the preceding quarter. The company will pay a dividend of just six cents per share for the closing quarter of the year, or a rate of 24 cents per share annually. The disbursements totalled 35 cents in 1941. Officials intimate some still further decline may be in prospect due to war conditions.

•

Dome Mines milled 45,100 tons of ore during October and produced $501,719. This compared with an output of $520,515 in the preceding month. The decline was due to grade of ore falling from $11.91 in September to $11.12 in October.

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Cariboo Gold Quartz produced $72,303 during October, compared with $99,368 in September. Not only did the mill operate at lower capacity but the grade of ore declined to $13.28 in October as compared with $16.30 in October.

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Kerr-Addison will close 1942 with a profit of around 50 cents per share. While ore reserves have grown enormously, however, this cannot be taken advantage of because of labor scarcity. Lower profits are in prospect for 1943 and whether or not the current rate of dividend disbursement may be maintained is left for the future itself to decide.

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International Nickel Company of Canada will realize an operating profit of $75,000,000 this year, according to estimates prepared for SATURDAY NIGHT. This is being accomplished in spite of the fact that the company is distributing the greatest payroll in the history of the enterprise and is also paying record totals for material, supplies and motive power.

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The tax bill of International Nickel Co. of Canada will probably exceed $27,000,000 for the whole of 1942. The allowance for depreciation, amortization and depletion will probably exceed $12,000,000. Added to this will be retirement system reserve of close to $3,000,000. Out of a total operating profit of $75,000,000 indicated for this year, therefore, a net profit of $33,000,000 promises to be left available for surplus or for distribution in dividends.

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Hitler's Marshals Are Core of New Feudalism

BY J. ANDERS

When an Italian submarine commander was given a German decoration for sinking two imaginary American battleships, the B.B.C. asked the German officers whether they would allow the Italian to wear the decoration.

The author states the inferences that must be drawn from that question, and calls the broadcast a monstrosity.

He proceeds to analyzing the German officers' class and shows the social difference between generals and Hitler-created marshals. Any people in the United Nations who are willing to make peace with the German military leaders should consider that difference.

THE other day an Italian submarine commander asserted that he had sunk two American battleships. The myth was immediately exploded by the Allied naval authorities. Nevertheless, the Italian was decorated with a high German order. On the day of his investiture the B.B.C. asked the German naval officers as a body whether they would allow "that chap" to wear the German decoration.

It cannot be doubted that the people who asked that question and those who allowed it to be asked were acting in good faith. The same charity, however, cannot be extended to their intelligence. The only possible explanation is that they did not know what they were doing.

The inference to be drawn from the question is, of course, that a decoration handed out in the name of the bloodiest murderer in history honors the person to whom it is given, and dishonors all German officers if it is given to a man who says that he killed a large number of our fighting men, but actually did not kill them. A further inference is that the bestowal of the decoration on, and its acceptance by, "that chap" dishonors all officers, and that the B.B.C. called upon the German officers to restore the honor of all officers by disavowing that particular decoration. The third, and last, inference is that officers are officers, that it is just too bad if they are groupwise at war, and that there is something which distinguishes them from all other people.

The broadcast must have confirmed, or even created, in many high-ranking German officers the belief that all will be well with them if at the moment of crisis they throw Hitler to the wolves and talk to us "as officers to officers." It must have made them believe that they will not be Petains facing a Hitler, but rather Napoleonic marshals facing "legitimist" victors, and Talleyrands facing a "legitimist" reaction both of whom will make use of them. Until all of them together—just too bad—will be ready for the next round. And the man in the street? What does he know of honor!

There are, of course, people in all of the United Nations who are willing to make peace with the German military leaders if those leaders throw Hitler to the wolves. If any such people are open to reason—which, however, is doubtful—they might consider a few relevant points.

In militaristic countries, such as France, Germany, and Italy, the officers constitute a class. This is not so in the United Nations, such as Great Britain, the U.S.S.R., and the United States; it is not so there, notwithstanding the monstrosity of that B.B.C. broadcast.

One of the characteristics of a class is that it renews itself out of itself; in other words, that the son, so to speak, takes over the father's business. But this applies only to the sons. By and large, officers in those countries do not marry the daughters of officers; there is not much money in such marriages. They marry the daughters of anyone who is wealthy. Race is no barrier, though since Hitler Jewesses are excluded.

As a class, then, the German officers were indistinguishable from a certain other class until Hitler created something new. He adopted Napoleon's system of creating marshals. Marshals are not a military rank, nor are they a class. They are an estate, the core of the new feudal estate. Immediately, however, a complication arises here. Napoleon did not trust the generals of the *Ancien Régime*. His marshals, with few exceptions, were new men who had come from below under the influence of the Revolution. Not so Hitler's marshals. They are, with few exceptions, former generals. But Hitler had no reason to distrust the generals. Better than anyone else (including the military intelligence services of all other countries; but what would that have mattered among appeasers) did he know that those generals had aided him through years in undermining the Weimar Republic.

It is hard to believe that Hitler has elevated so many generals to marshals out of gratitude. More probable is that he has elevated them in order to sever them from that other class with whose interests their own had until then been identified: the industrial magnates. Therefore it is one thing to make peace with the German generals, and another thing to make peace with the German marshals.

A Split Loyalty

By making marshals out of generals Hitler gave them a split loyalty: to himself, and to their old class that is associated with the magnates. If ever they want to betray him—and they will not hesitate a minute when they think it is to their advantage—they can do it in whichever capacity suits them better at the moment: as marshals, that is, as leaders of his armies; or as generals, that is, as associates of the magnates.

Napoleon's marshals, who had no such background, were the first to betray him in adversity. It must have been a great self-sacrifice on the part of the other European statesmen and generals to speak to those marshals as their equals. But they made the sacrifice; there was too much at stake to be fastidious for those "legitimists" who in fact were reactionaries.

There are many people among us who could talk to the German marshals, generals, and magnates without any sacrifice. But they should consider that as marshals the German generals can and would betray them the same as they will betray Hitler, if we give them a chance. For if we make peace with them as marshals they will use their power to subdue that class with whose interests their own were once identical, in order to create a feudal army. And if we make peace with them as generals, that is, with them and the magnates, the only difference will be that we shall have 1939 all over again a little sooner.

When Napoleon, after Waterloo, made plans for getting away on a frigate to South America, he was asked whether he was not afraid that the English might catch him. He was not afraid of the English, he said, "a bad government, but a noble and generous people." We must make sure that, when the day of victory comes, all our peoples and all our governments are good. And then—in dealing with the Nazi gang and its marshals, with the German generals, and with the magnates—let all the good people be bad.

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